Our Gang

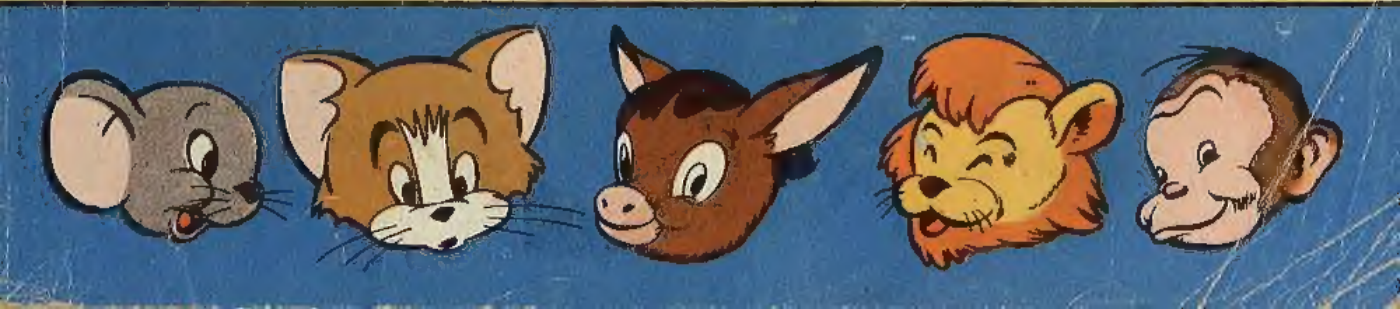
MAY-JUNE COMICS

10¢

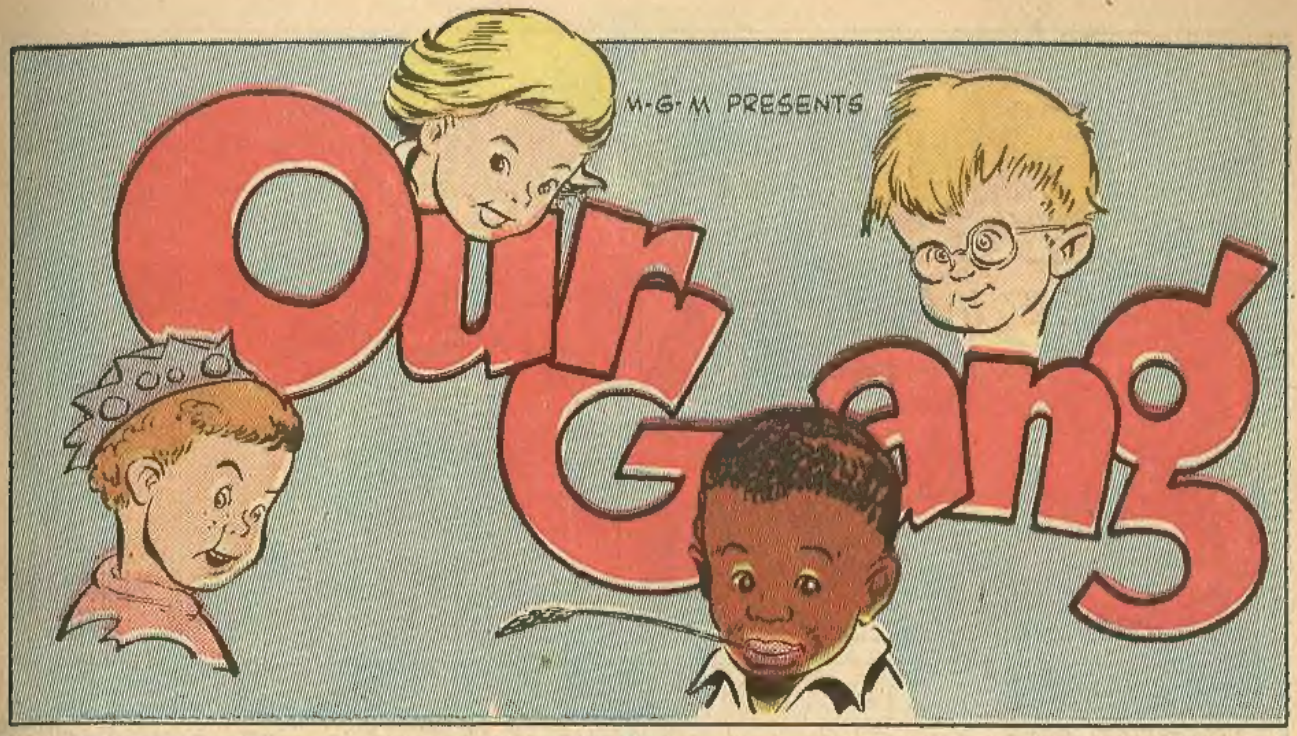
No. 17

A DELL MAGAZINE

DELL

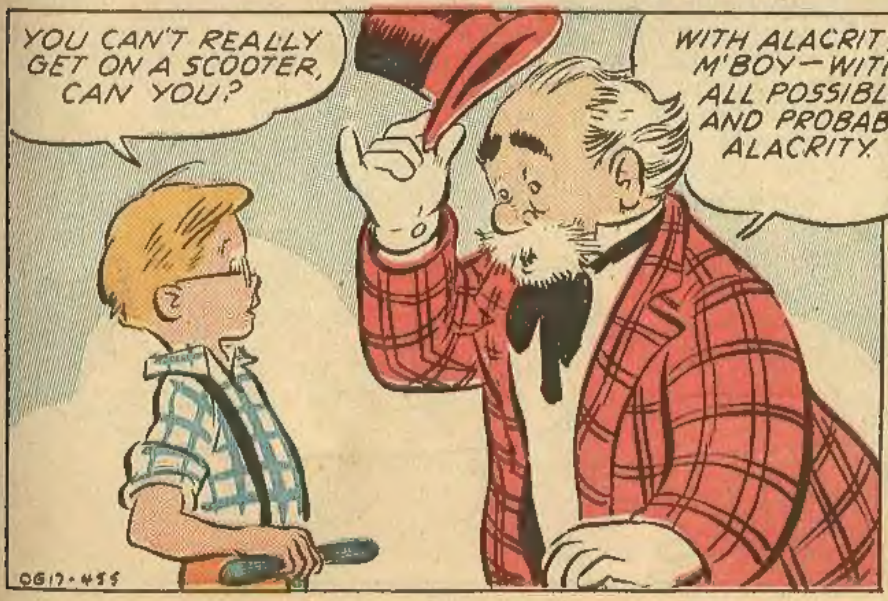


OUR GANG COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 17, May-June, 1945. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter September 17, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U.S.A., 50 cents per year, single copies, 10 cents; in Canada, $.60 per year; Elsewhere, $1.10 per year. Copyright, 1945 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U.S.A.


M-G-M PRESENTS
Our Gang

GEE, THE HIGHWAY IS SO DESERTED I CAN RIDE RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE.

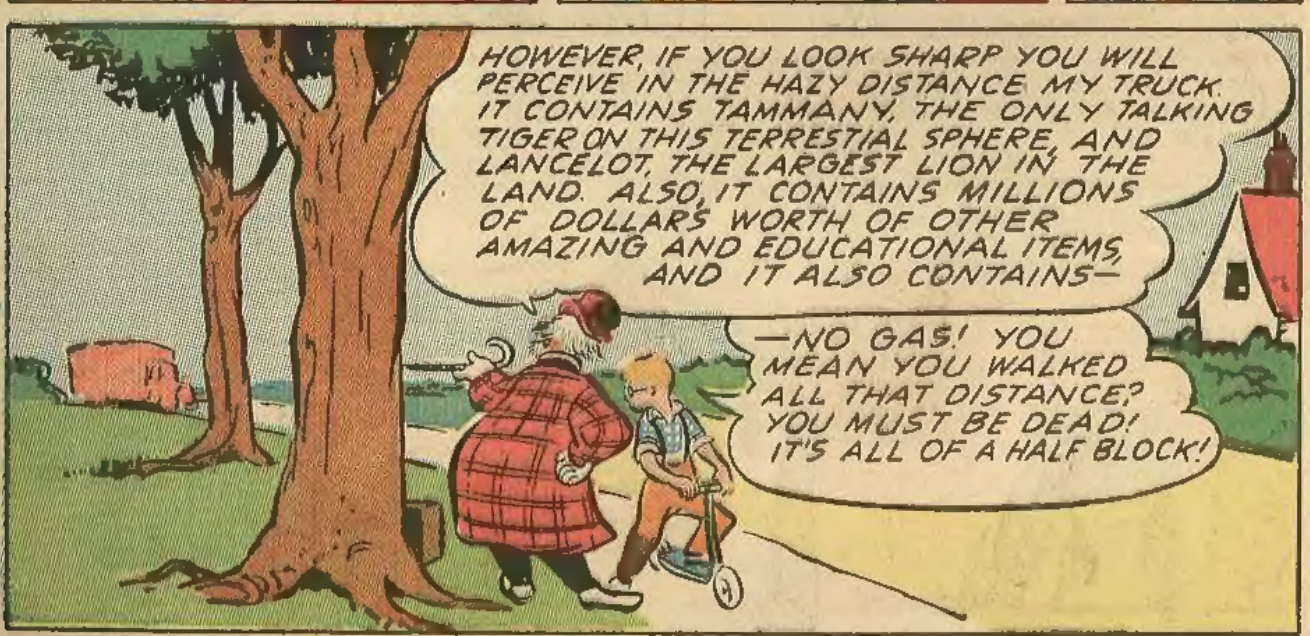
A HITCHHIKER!?
YES, M'BOY! ANY SORT OF CONVEYANCE WILL SUFFICE... I AM EXHAUSTED.


YOU CAN'T REALLY GET ON A SCOOTER, CAN YOU?
WITH ALACRITY, M'BOY—WITH ALL POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE ALACRITY.
OG17-455

GOSH, YOU SOUND LIKE A PROFESSOR!
GREAT CAESAR! WHAT A KEEN, DISCERNING AND POSITIVELY INTELLIGENT EAR YOU HAVE!

YOU BEHOLD ONE PROFESSOR HECTOR HANNIBAL HORATIO GRAVY, WORLD RENOWNED TRAPEZE PERFORMER, PRESTIDIGITATOR, LION TAMER AND SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR.
GOLLY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE HITCHIN' RIDES ON SCOOTERS, PROFESSOR GRAVY?
THEREBY, MY FINE CHAP, HANGS AS SAD AND GLOOMY A TALE AS EVER WELLED OUT OF A HEART WEIGHTED WITH WORLDLY WOE.

ALAS, I STRUGGLED HERE AFOOT, LEAVING MY CIRCUS CARAVAN STRANDED FOR LACK OF GASOLINE—EVEN NOW I PRESS ON UNDAUNTED, HOPING FOR A BOOKING IN THIS NEXT FAIR TOWN
YOU MEAN YOU OWN A CIRCUS... AND IT'S STRANDED? IS IT FAR OFF?
MILES
MILES
MILES
FOOTSORE, FAINTING, FAMISHED, FRIENDLESS AND FORLORN, FORSOOTH, I'VE FOUGHT MY WAY HERE


HOWEVER, IF YOU LOOK SHARP YOU WILL PERCEIVE IN THE HAZY DISTANCE MY TRUCK. IT CONTAINS TAMMANY, THE ONLY TALKING TIGER ON THIS TERRESTIAL SPHERE, AND LANCELOT, THE LARGEST LION IN THE LAND. ALSO, IT CONTAINS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF OTHER AMAZING AND EDUCATIONAL ITEMS, AND IT ALSO CONTAINS—
—NO GAS! YOU MEAN YOU WALKED ALL THAT DISTANCE? YOU MUST BE DEAD! IT'S ALL OF A HALF BLOCK!

BUT COME, LET US HASTEN ON. WHILE YOU'RE UP YOU MIGHT FETCH THAT BAG ALONG... YOU'LL FIND IT PLEASING TO THE GRIP—A VERY FEATHER!
IT'S A BLOCK TO MY HOUSE— YOU CAN USE THE PHONE.

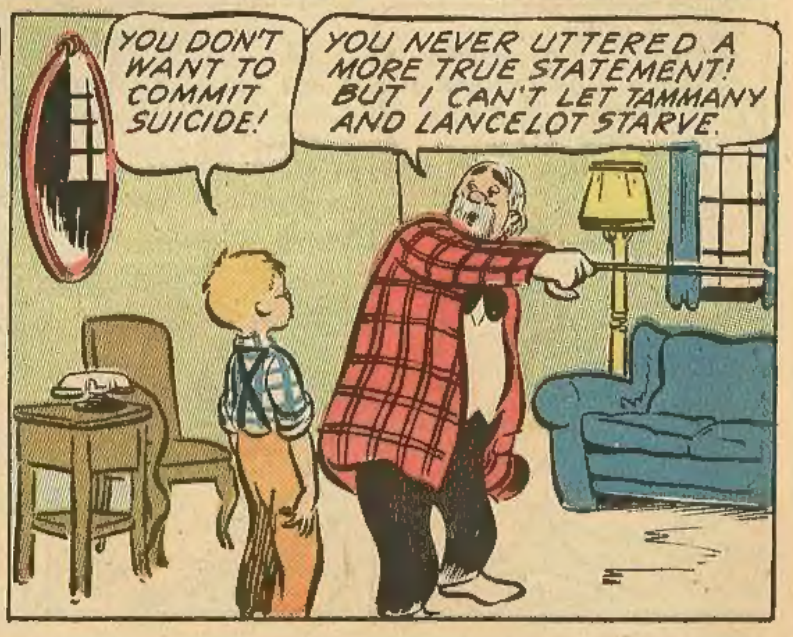
AHA, A STATELY PALACE—A HOME OF DISTINCTION.
YOU CAN COME IN AND USE THE PHONE.

AH, THERE! BOOKER'S THEATRICAL AGENCY? THIS IS PROFESSOR GRAVY. YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT MY SHOW IS IN TOWN AND AVAILABLE.

PROFESSOR, I'M SORRY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH... THERE ISN'T A PRODUCER IN THE NATION WHO'LL BOOK YOUR ACT... LEAVE ME YOUR PHONE NUMBER, BUT IT'S HOPELESS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PROFESSOR? YOU LOOK SICK.
UH—UH—NOTHING, M'BOY.

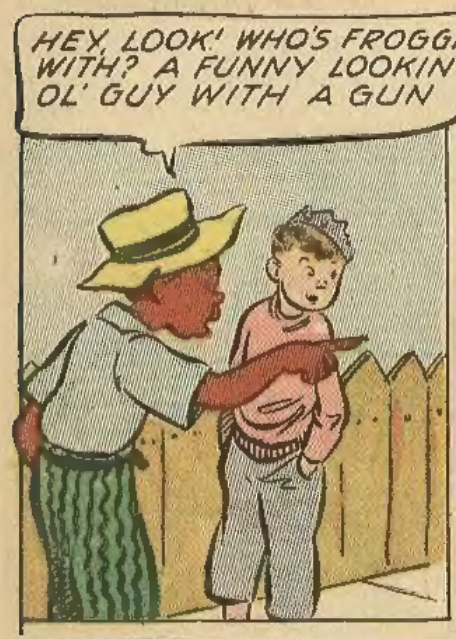
I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD I'M A HAS-BEEN, A FOSSIL—THERE'S ONLY ONE COURSE LEFT— DOES YOUR FATHER POSSESS A GUN?
A GUN!? YOU DON'T—

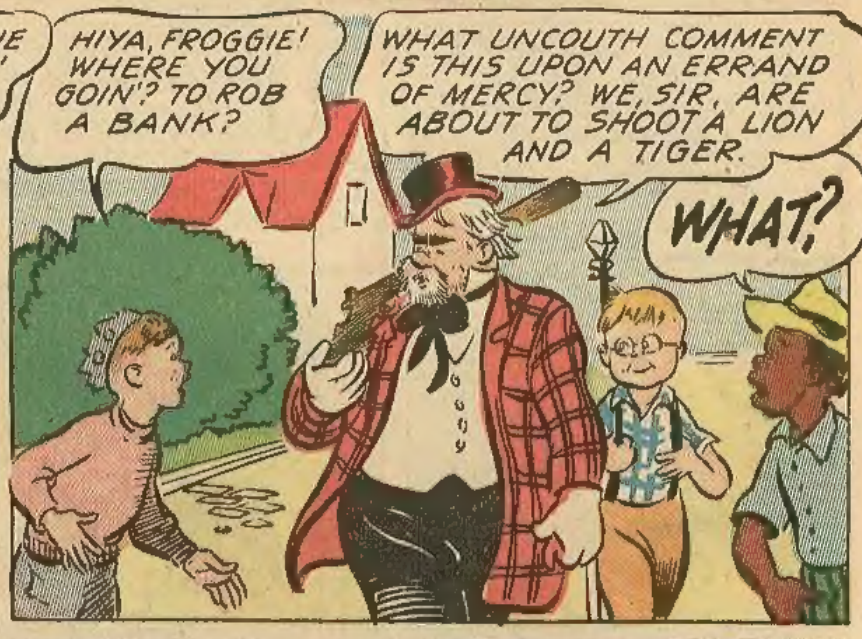

YOU DON'T WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
YOU NEVER UTTERED A MORE TRUE STATEMENT! BUT I CAN'T LET TAMMANY AND LANCELOT STARVE.

I'LL JUST BORROW THIS FOWLING PIECE AND PUT THE POOR BEASTS OUT OF THEIR MISERY.
BUT—YOU SHOULDN'T—

THEY CANNOT DEVOUR GRASS AND LEAVES, MY LAD—THEY ARE CARNIVORE. YOU KNOW—MEAT EATERS.

COME, M'BOY, WE'LL PUT AN END TO THEIR SUFFERING.
MAYBE THEY'RE NOT SUFFERING.


HEY, LOOK! WHO'S FROGGIE WITH? A FUNNY LOOKIN' OL' GUY WITH A GUN


HIYA, FROGGIE! WHERE YOU GOIN'? TO ROB A BANK?
WHAT UNCOUTH COMMENT IS THIS UPON AN ERRAND OF MERCY? WE, SIR, ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT A LION AND A TIGER.
WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT THE PROFESSOR WANTS TO DO—HE OWNS A CIRCUS, AN' IT EATS TOO MUCH—COME ON

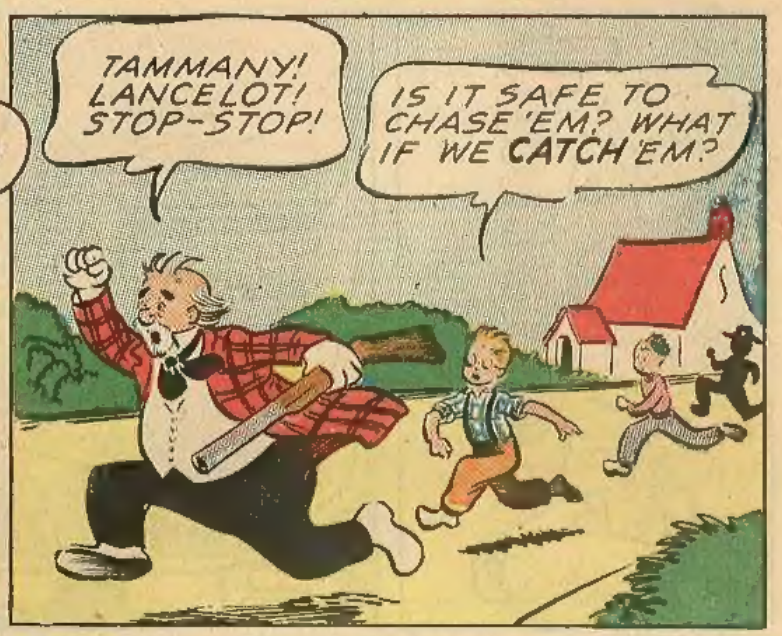
YES, LET US PROCEED... LET NO MAN SAY THAT HECTOR HANNIBAL HORATIO GRAVY HAS STAYED HIS HAND.

HERE'S THE TRUCK. A LIFETIME OF LOVE AND CARE REPOSES WITHIN. ... I MUST BE BRAVE.
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET, PROFESSOR; THE GUN'S NOT LOADED.
GRA

KABAM!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! THAT UNLOADED GUN WENT OFF ACCIDENTALLY AND SHOT THE BOLT OFF THE TRUCK DOOR!

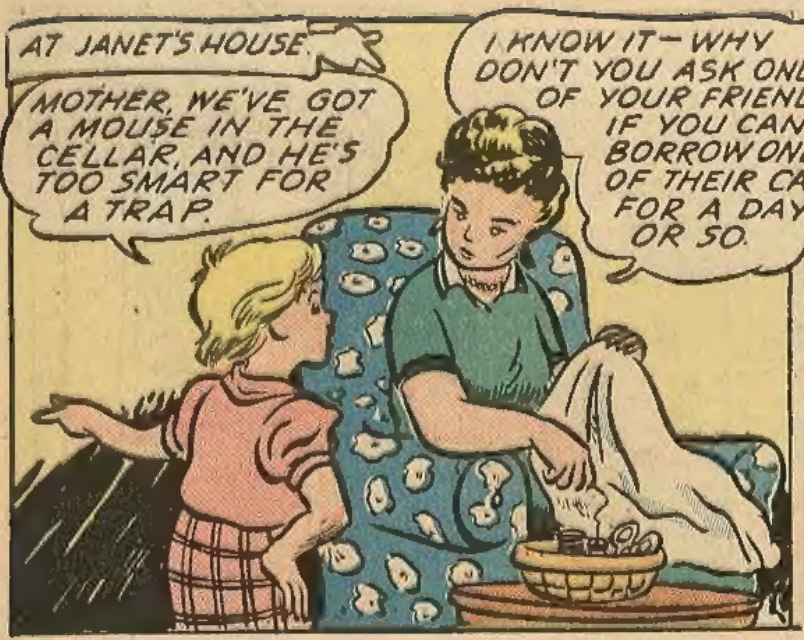
GOLLY, THEY'RE LOOSE, PROFESSOR—WE'LL ALL BE THROWN IN JAIL!
THE SHOT FRIGHTENED THEM!

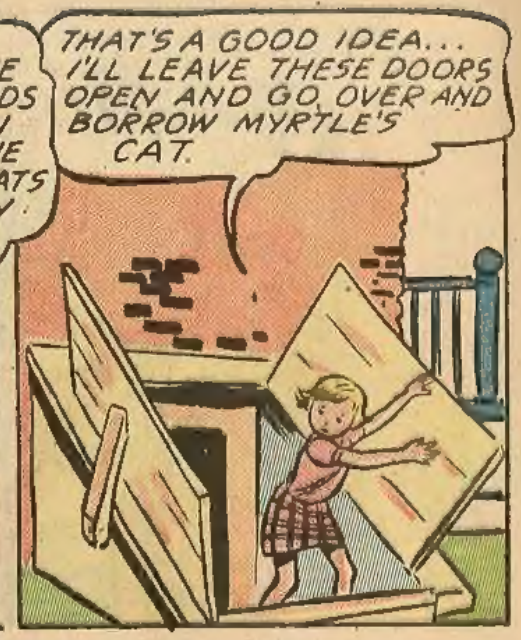

TAMMANY! LANCELOT! STOP—STOP!
IS IT SAFE TO CHASE 'EM? WHAT IF WE CATCH 'EM?

GEE! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?
VANISHED—GONE—DISAPPEARED!
THEY IS THAT!

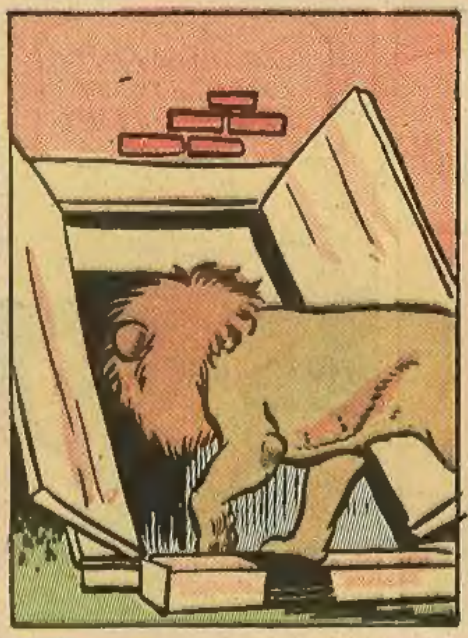
BOYS, THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO—SPREAD OUT, AND IF WE DON'T FIND 'EM, THEY MAY FIND US...

REMEMBER—THEY'RE HUNGRY!


AT JANET'S HOUSE.
MOTHER, WE'VE GOT A MOUSE IN THE CELLAR, AND HE'S TOO SMART FOR A TRAP.
I KNOW IT—WHY DON'T YOU ASK ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS IF YOU CAN BORROW ONE OF THEIR CATS FOR A DAY OR SO.


THAT'S A GOOD IDEA... I'LL LEAVE THESE DOORS OPEN AND GO OVER AND BORROW MYRTLE'S CAT.

MMM MM



MY SAKES! IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN... I'D BETTER CLOSE THOSE CELLAR DOORS.

MMM MM—

MEOW?

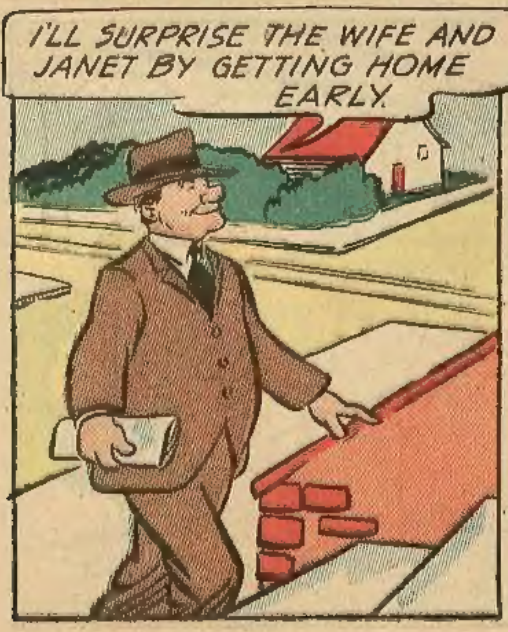
THAT'S GOOD—JANET BORROWED THE CAT!
MEOW

ARE YOU DOWN THERE, DEAR?

ROWR!

SLAM!
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT KIND OF A CAT DID SHE BORROW?

THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE!


I'LL SURPRISE THE WIFE AND JANET BY GETTING HOME EARLY.

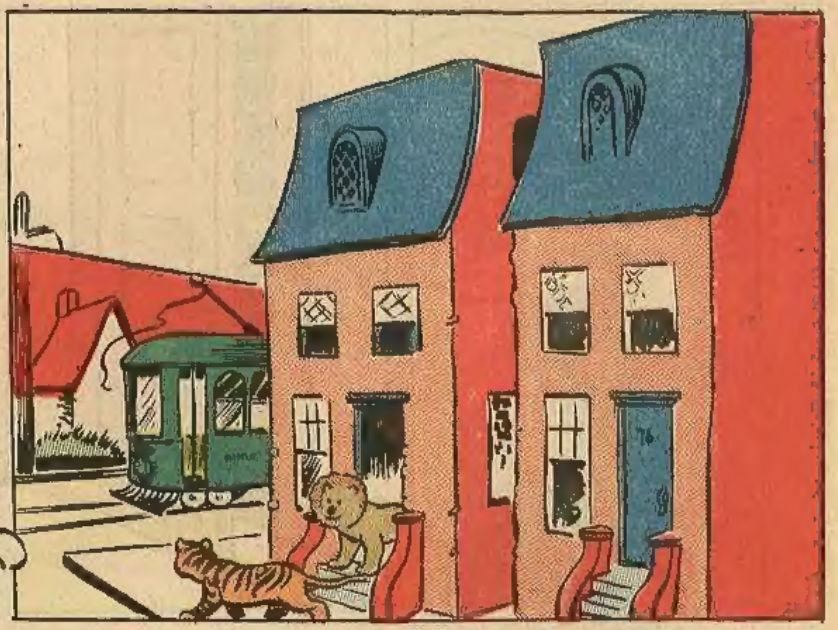
YOO HOO!
GRUMPF!

OOP! EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT THIS WAS MY HOUSE..

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE HOUSES THAT ALL LOOK ALIKE.
78

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S MY HOUSE BECAUSE THAT'S OUR NUMBER— 78...BESIDES, WHAT WOULD ANYBODY BE DOIN' WITH A LION AND A TIGER IN THEIR LIVING ROOM?

WHAT AM I DOIN' WITH 'EM IN MY LIVING ROOM? HELP—POLICE!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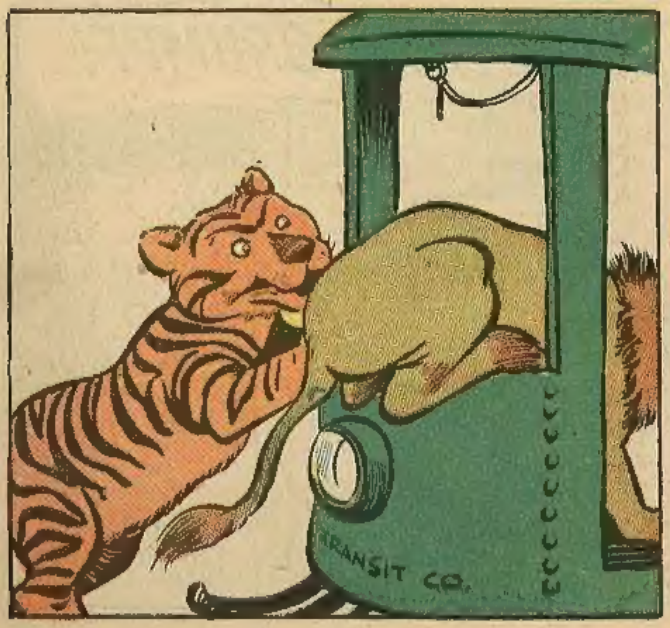
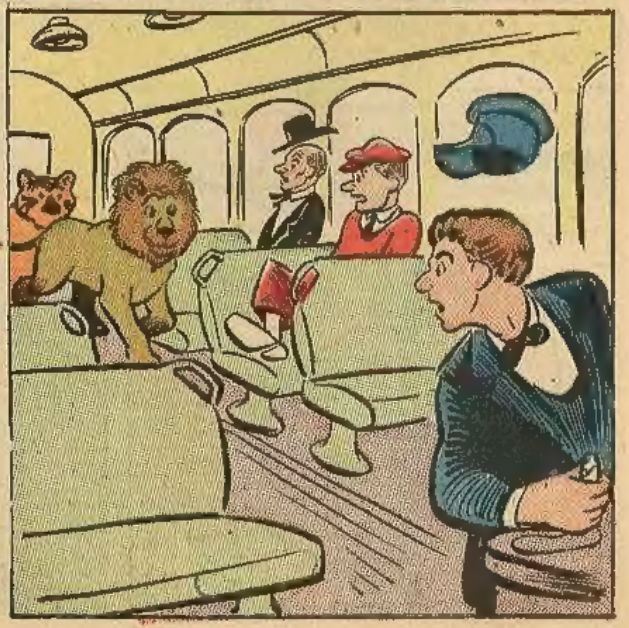
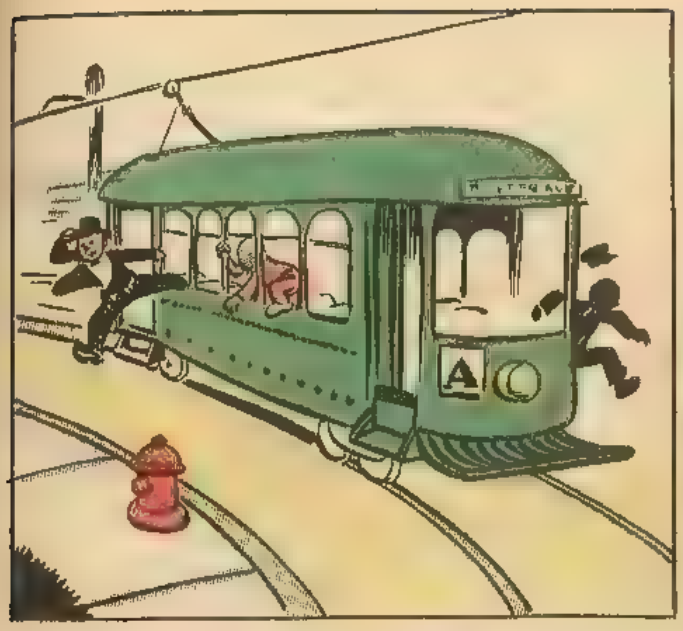
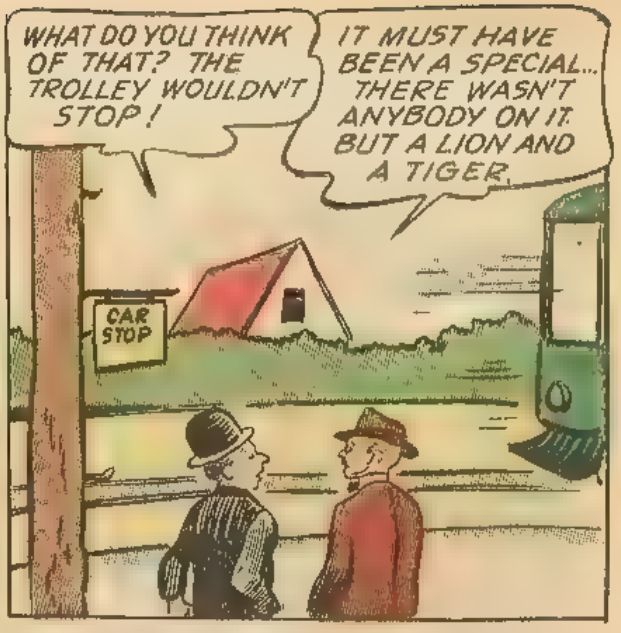
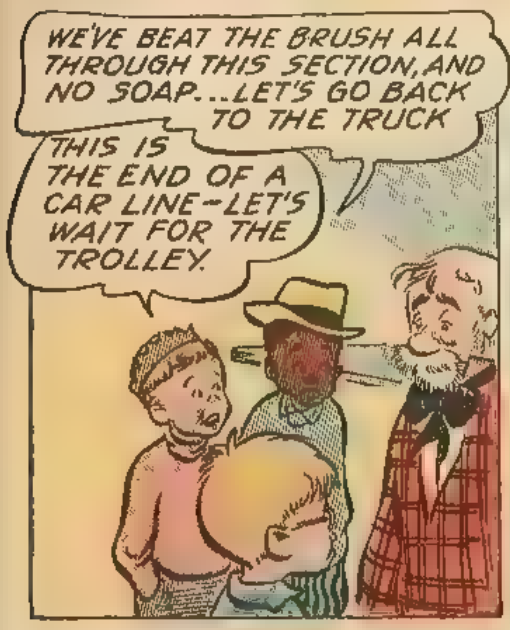
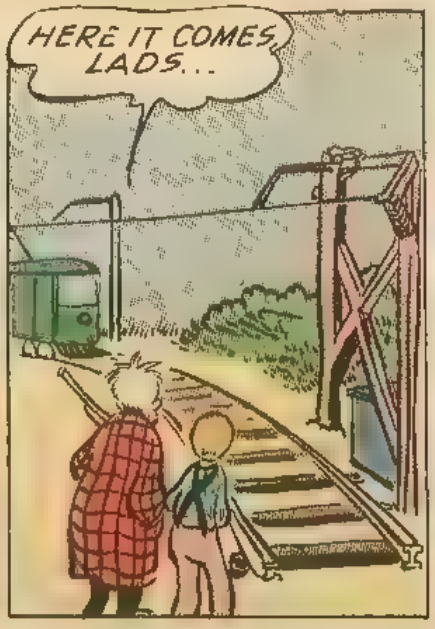

TRANSIT CO.



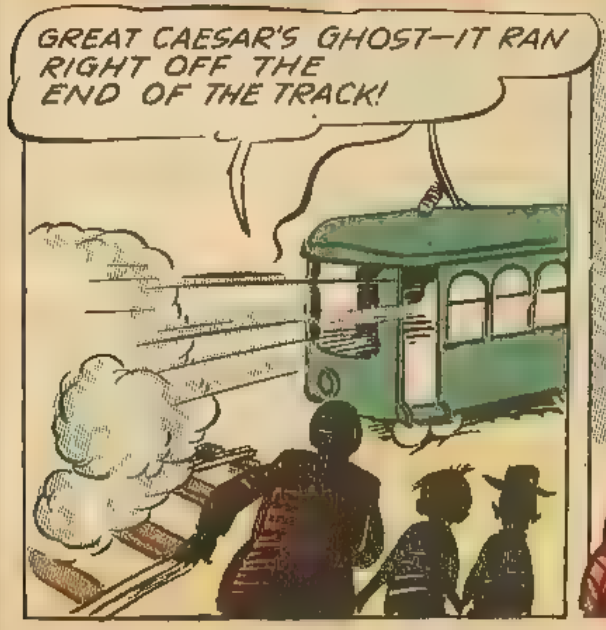


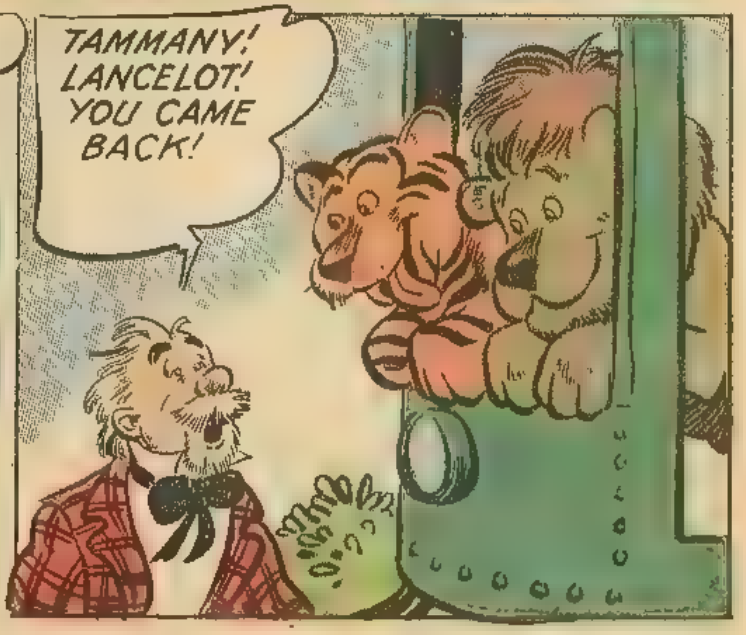

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? THE TROLLEY WOULDN'T STOP!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SPECIAL... THERE WASN'T ANYBODY ON IT. BUT A LION AND A TIGER.
CAR STOP


WE'VE BEAT THE BRUSH ALL THROUGH THIS SECTION, AND NO SOAP...LET'S GO BACK TO THE TRUCK
THIS IS THE END OF A CAR LINE—LET'S WAIT FOR THE TROLLEY.


HERE IT COMES, LADS...

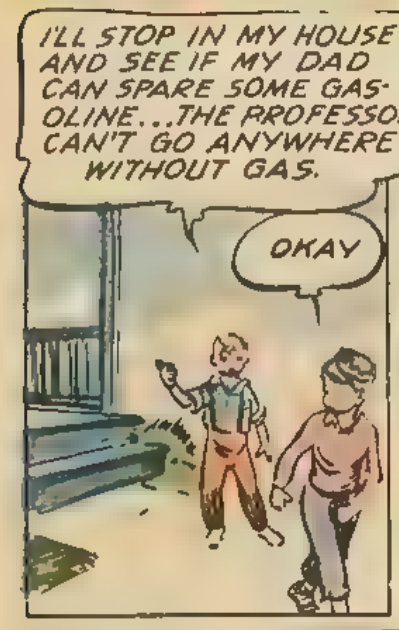
FO' TH' LAND SAKE! THAT CAR ISN'T GONE STOP EVEN AT THE END OF THE LINE!

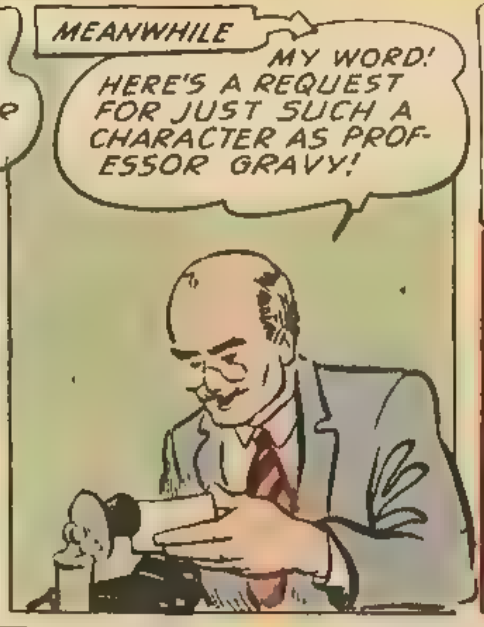

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST—IT RAN RIGHT OFF THE END OF THE TRACK!

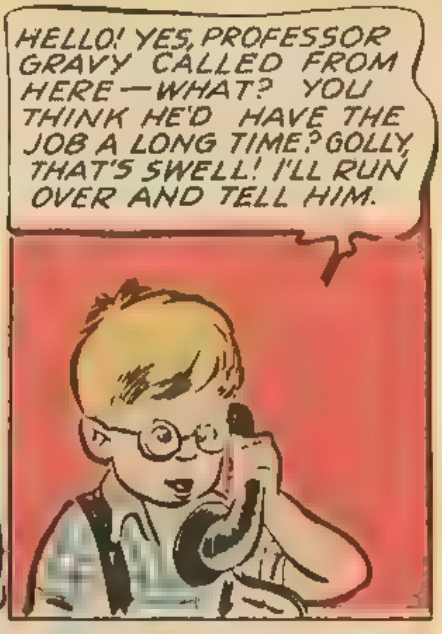

TAMMANY! LANCELOT! YOU CAME BACK!

BOYS, I WISH TO PRESENT MY COLLEAGUES, LANCELOT AND TAMMANY
GEE, THEY'RE TAME!

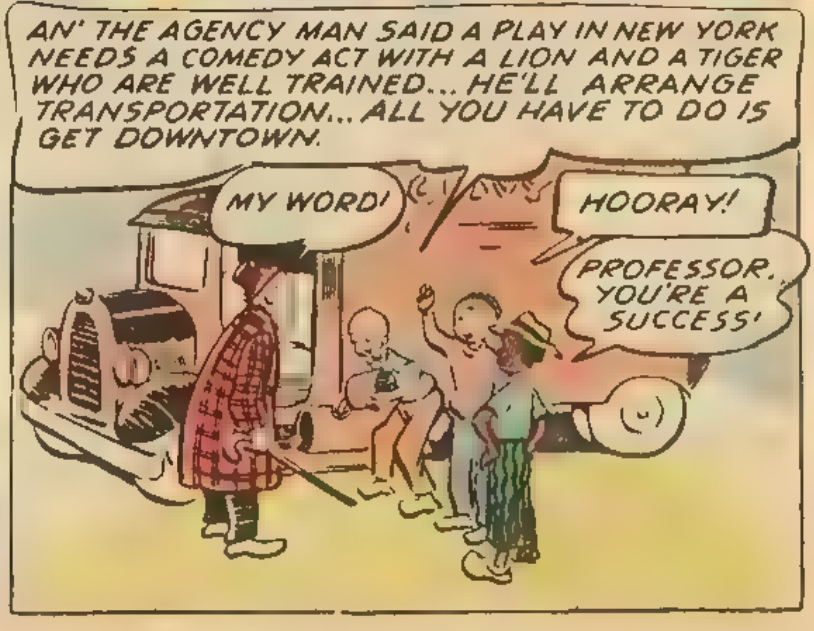
SURELY, MY FRIENDS, YOU NEVER FEARED THEM...COME, WE MUST RETURN TO THE CARAVAN ERE THE AUTHORITIES BECOME PRYING AND TROUBLESOME


I'LL STOP IN MY HOUSE AND SEE IF MY DAD CAN SPARE SOME GASOLINE...THE PROFESSOR CAN'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT GAS.
OKAY


MEANWHILE
MY WORD! HERE'S A REQUEST FOR JUST SUCH A CHARACTER AS PROFESSOR GRAVY!


HELLO! YES, PROFESSOR GRAVY CALLED FROM HERE—WHAT? YOU THINK HE'D HAVE THE JOB A LONG TIME? GOLLY, THAT'S SWELL! I'LL RUN OVER AND TELL HIM.

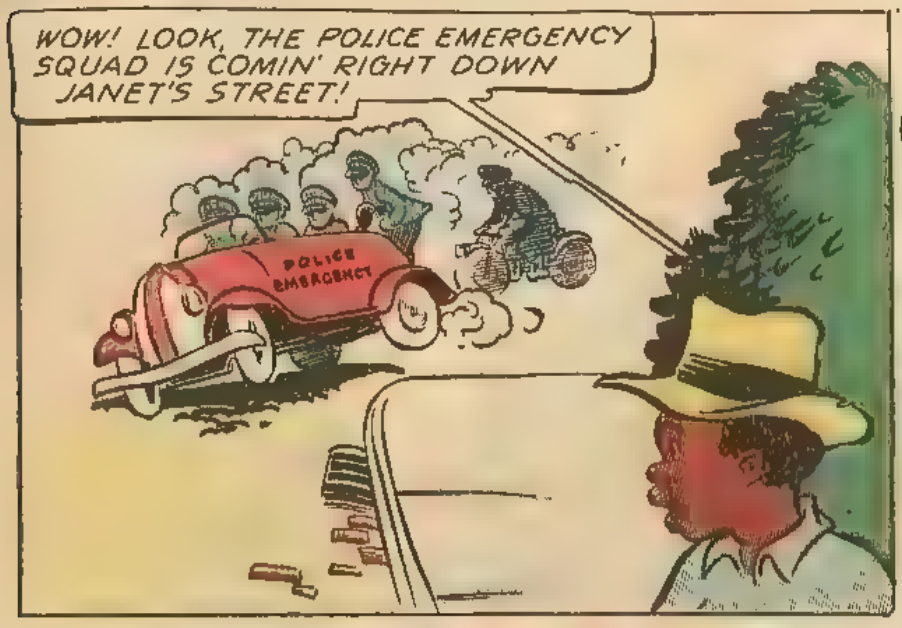
GEE, DAD WAS SWELL TO GIVE THE PROFESSOR A GALLON OF GAS...THAT'LL GET HIM DOWN TO THE THEATRICAL AGENCY.

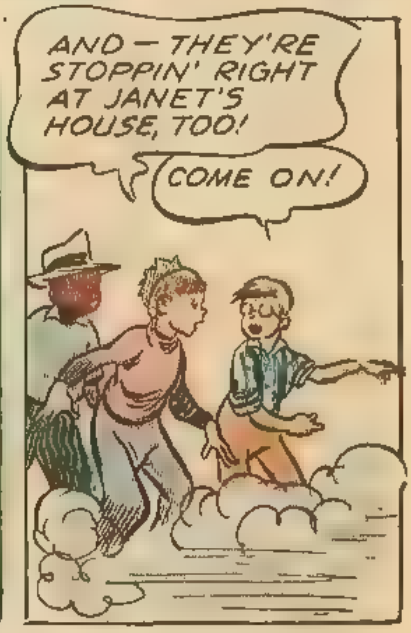

AN' THE AGENCY MAN SAID A PLAY IN NEW YORK NEEDS A COMEDY ACT WITH A LION AND A TIGER WHO ARE WELL TRAINED... HE'LL ARRANGE TRANSPORTATION... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET DOWNTOWN.
MY WORD!
HOORAY!
PROFESSOR, YOU'RE A SUCCESS!

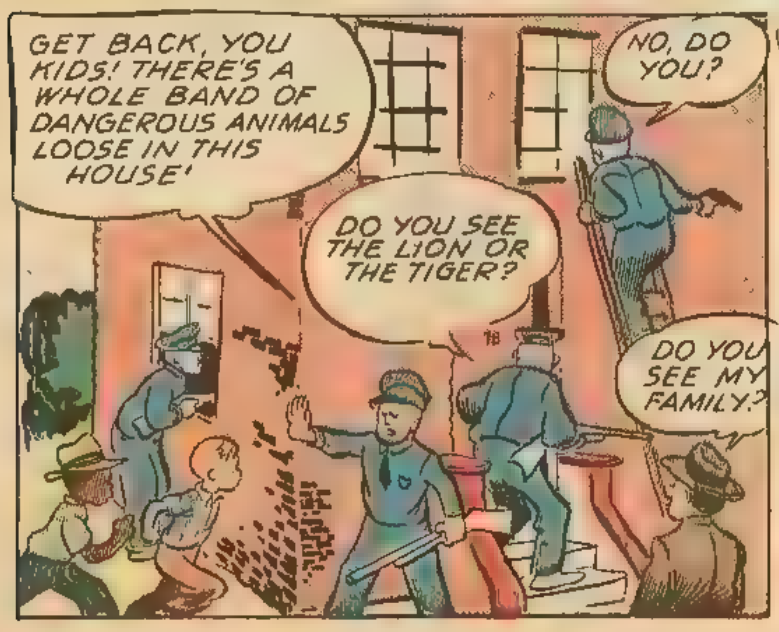
FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS. .I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR HELP.
GOOD LUCK, PROFESSOR GRAVY!

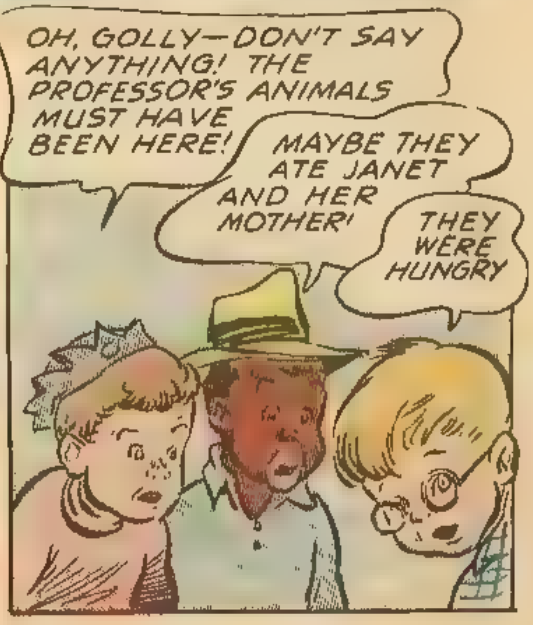
GOLLY—JUST IMAGINE, WE WERE REAL BIG GAME HUNTERS!
YEAH, WAIT'LL WE TELL JANET!

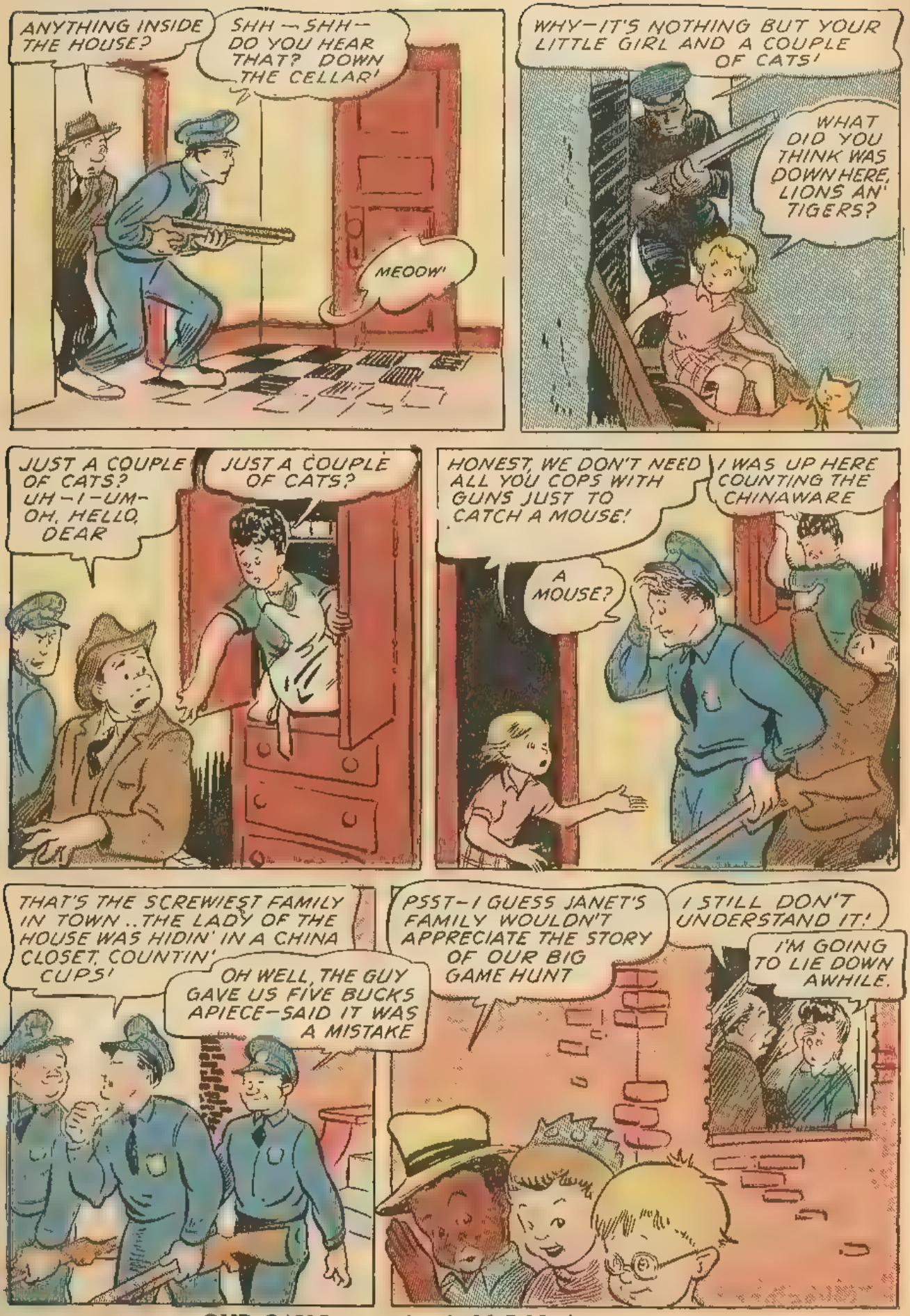
HOT DOG! LET'S GO TELL HER.. BOY, WILL SHE BE SORRY SHE MISSED THE FUN!


WOW! LOOK, THE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD IS COMIN' RIGHT DOWN JANET'S STREET!
POLICE EMERGENCY


AND—THEY'RE STOPPIN' RIGHT AT JANET'S HOUSE, TOO!
COME ON!


GET BACK, YOU KIDS! THERE'S A WHOLE BAND OF DANGEROUS ANIMALS LOOSE IN THIS HOUSE!
NO, DO YOU?
DO YOU SEE THE LION OR THE TIGER?
DO YOU SEE MY FAMILY?

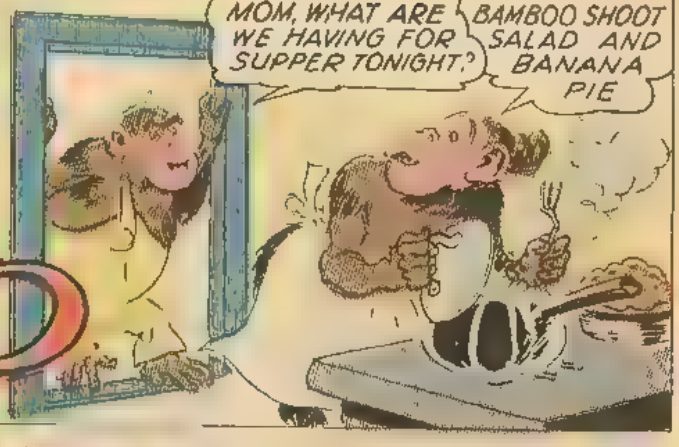

OH, GOLLY—DON'T SAY ANYTHING! THE PROFESSOR'S ANIMALS MUST HAVE BEEN HERE!
MAYBE THEY ATE JANET AND HER MOTHER!
THEY WERE HUNGRY

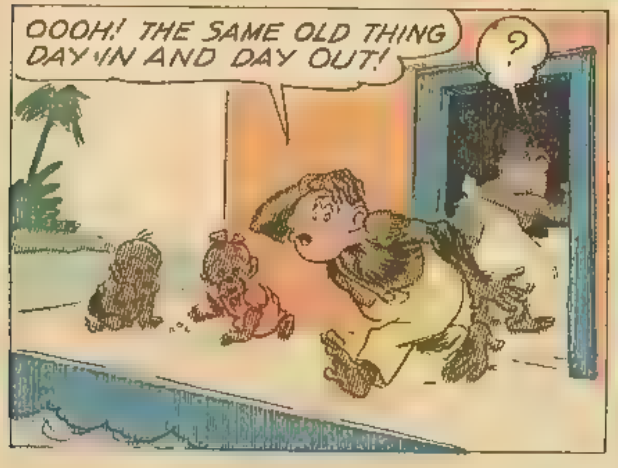


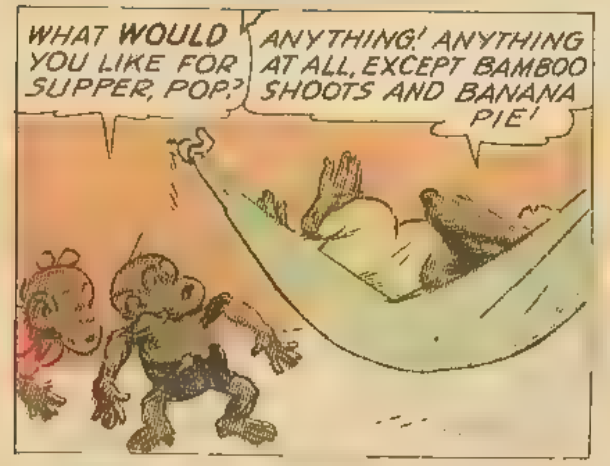
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

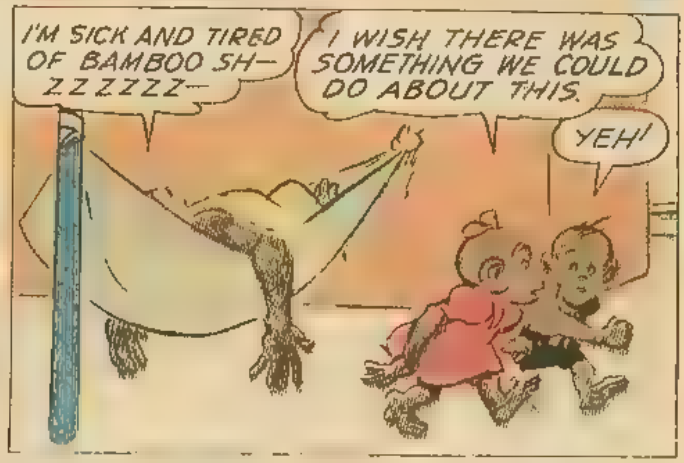
Flip and Dip

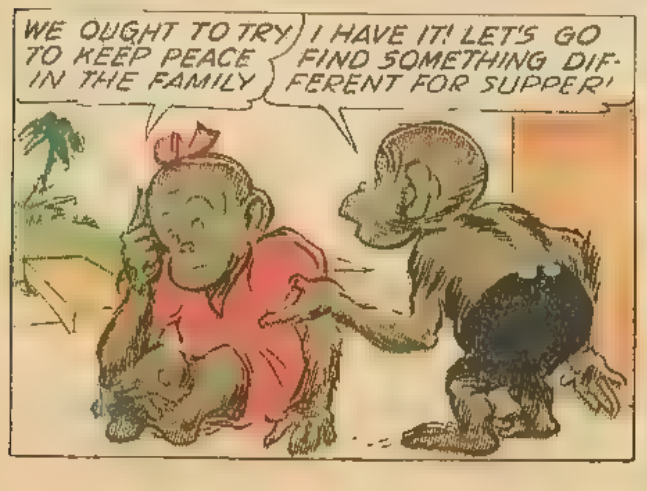
Copr 1945 by OSKAR LEBECK

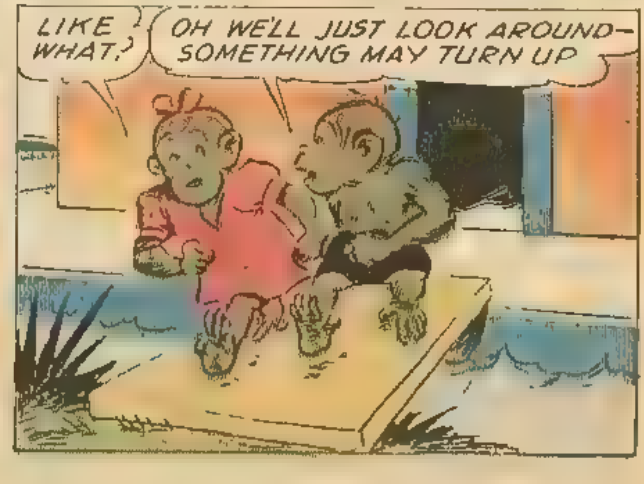


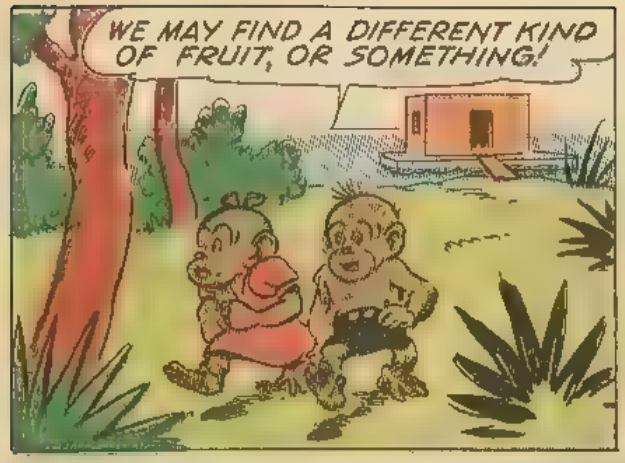


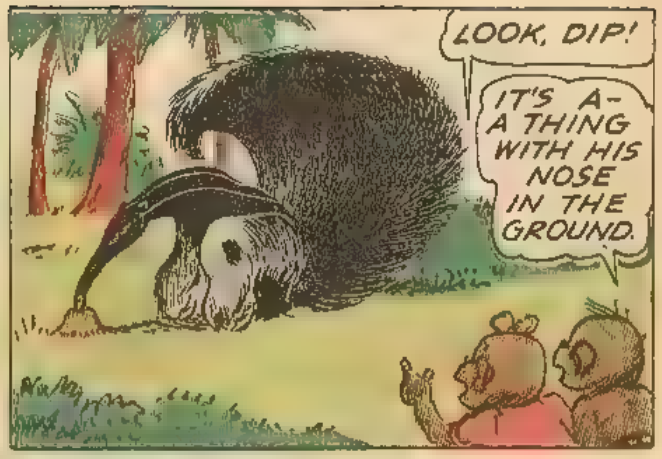


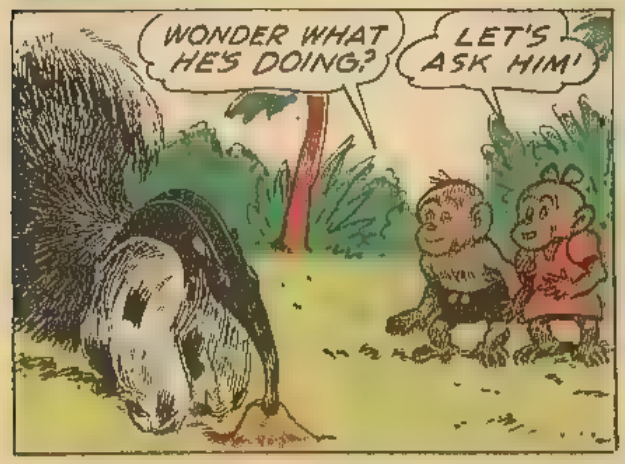


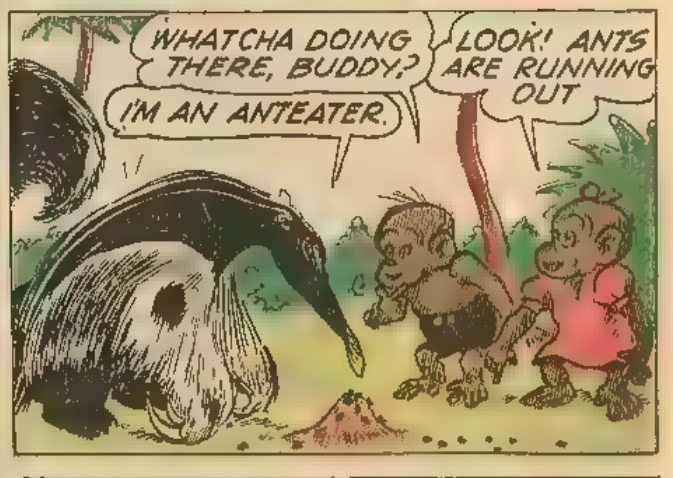


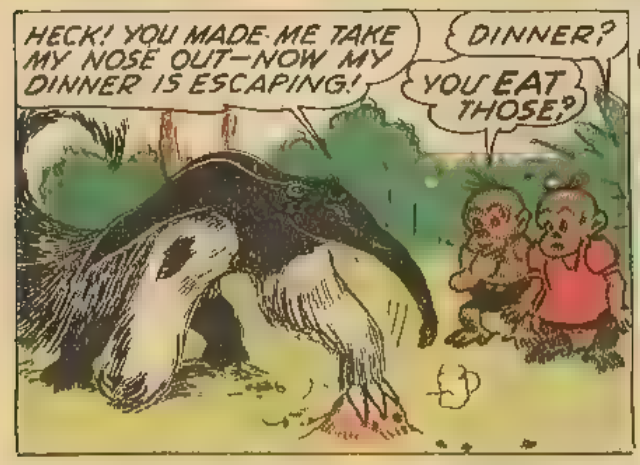


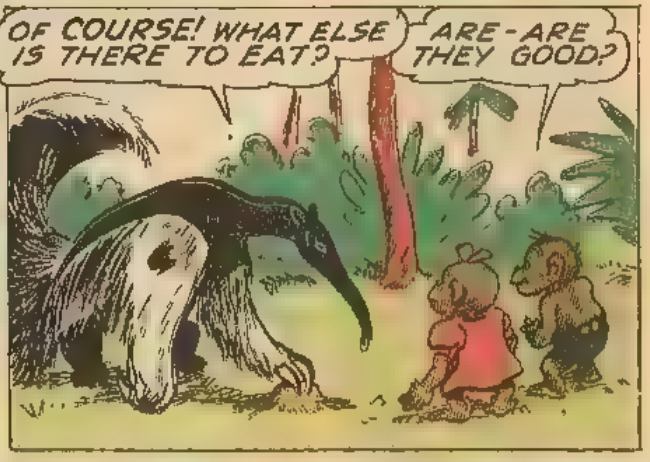

WE MAY FIND A DIFFERENT KIND OF FRUIT, OR SOMETHING!

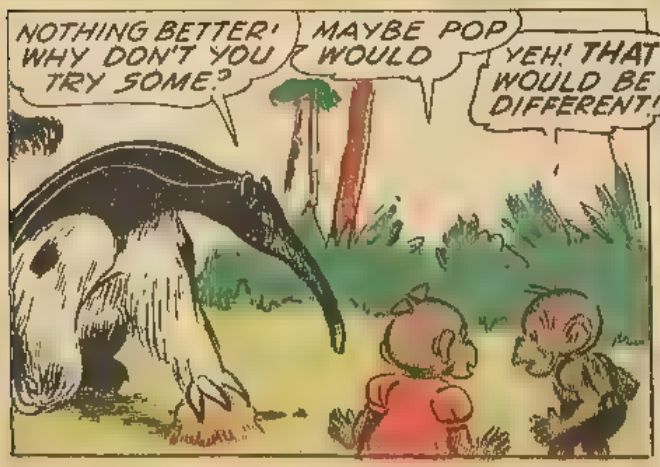

LOOK, DIP!
IT'S A- A THING WITH HIS NOSE IN THE GROUND.

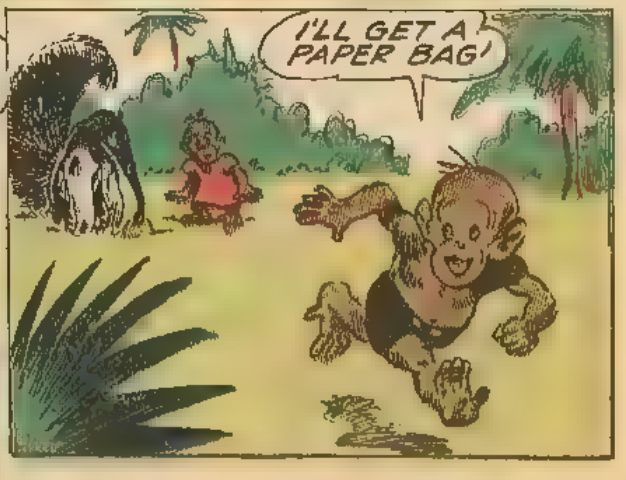

WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING?
LET'S ASK HIM!

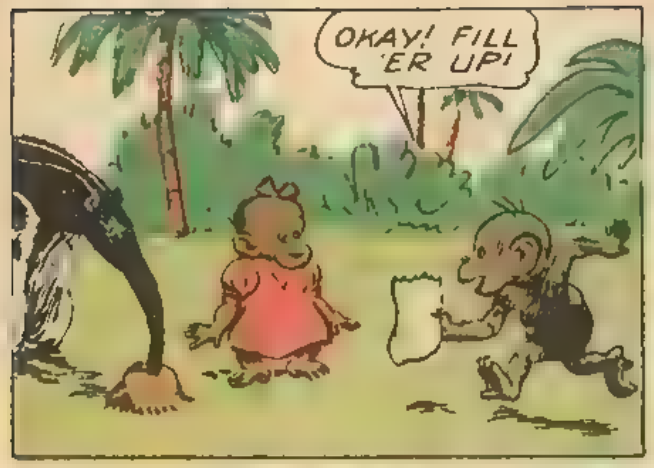

WHATCHA DOING THERE, BUDDY?
I'M AN ANTEATER.
LOOK! ANTS ARE RUNNING OUT

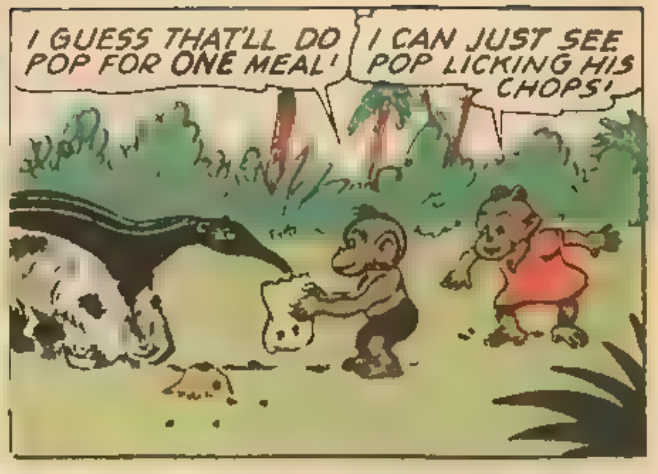

HECK! YOU MADE ME TAKE MY NOSE OUT—NOW MY DINNER IS ESCAPING!
DINNER?
YOU EAT THOSE?

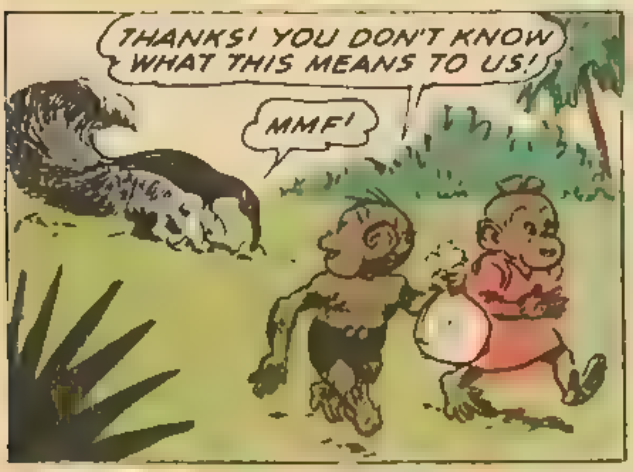

OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO EAT?
ARE-ARE THEY GOOD?

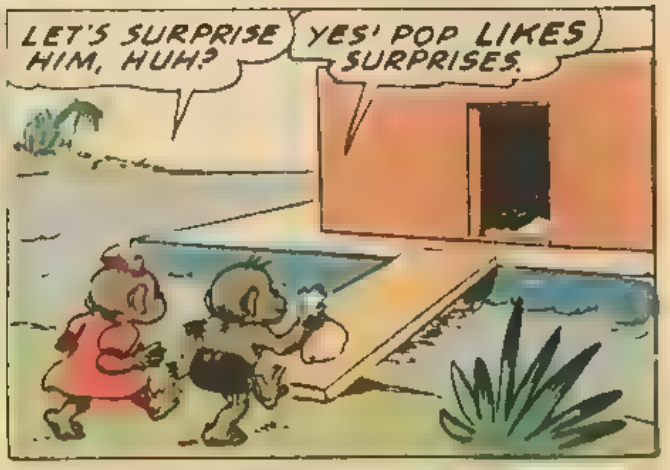

NOTHING BETTER! WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOME?
MAYBE POP WOULD
YEH! THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT!

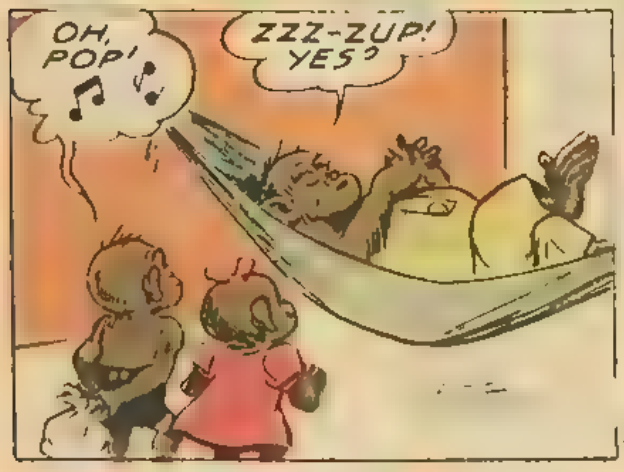

I'LL GET A PAPER BAG!

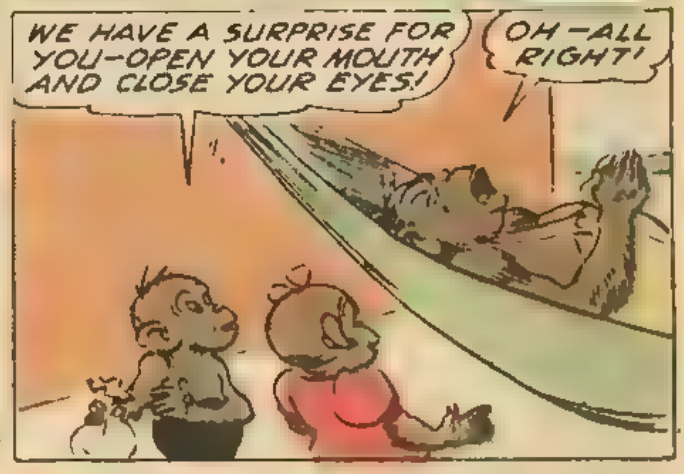

OKAY! FILL 'ER UP!


I GUESS THAT'LL DO POP FOR ONE MEAL!
I CAN JUST SEE POP LICKING HIS CHOPS!

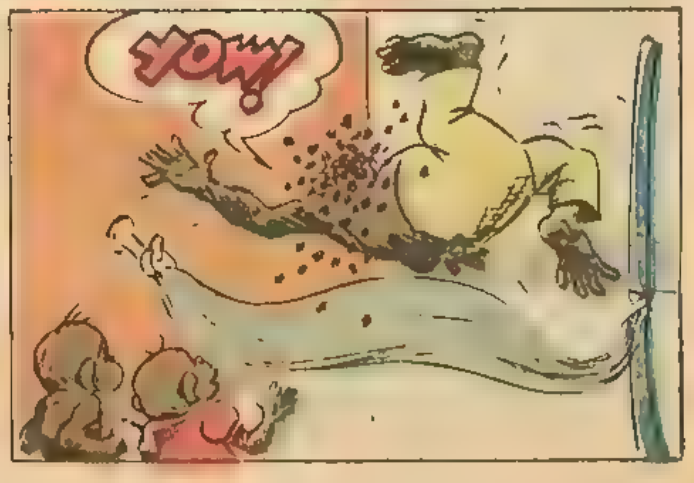

THANKS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO US!
MMF!

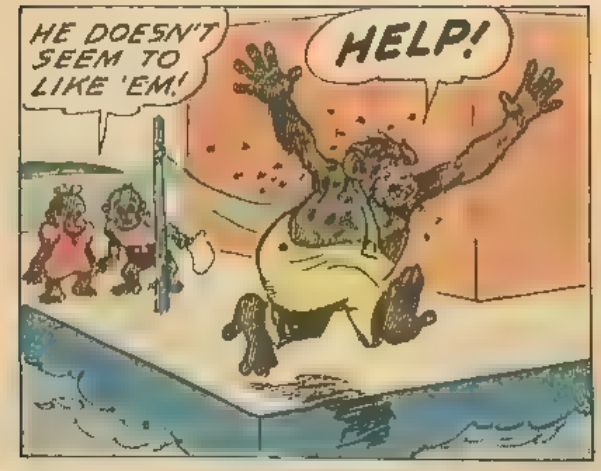

LET'S SURPRISE HIM, HUH?
YES! POP LIKES SURPRISES.

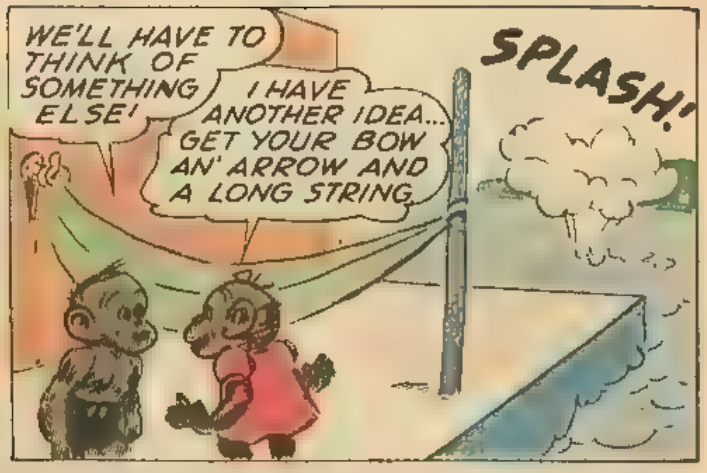

OH, POP!
ZZZ-ZUP! YES?

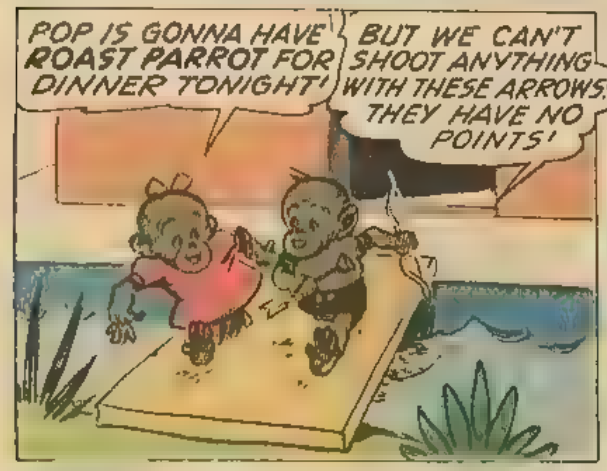

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU—OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND CLOSE YOUR EYES!
OH—ALL RIGHT!

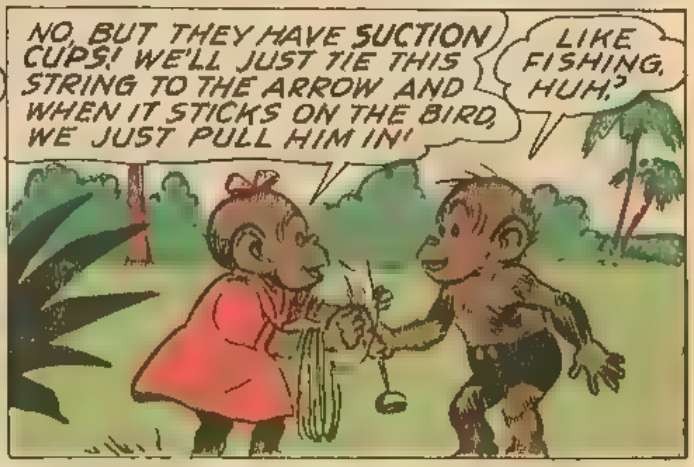
GRLZZIVG, PPZZUGH!


YOW!

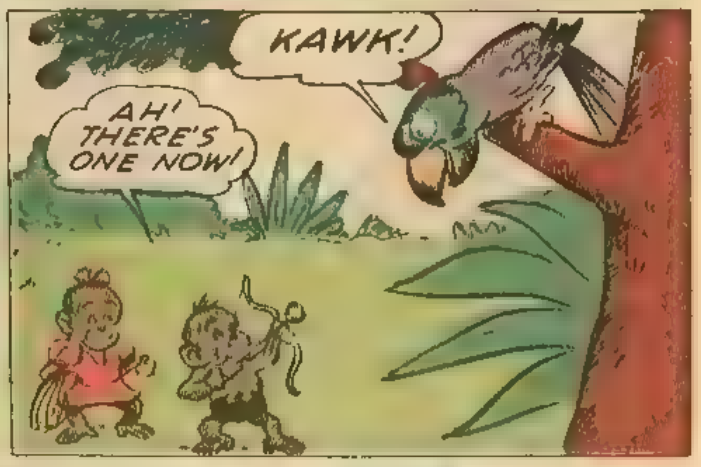

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE 'EM!
HELP!

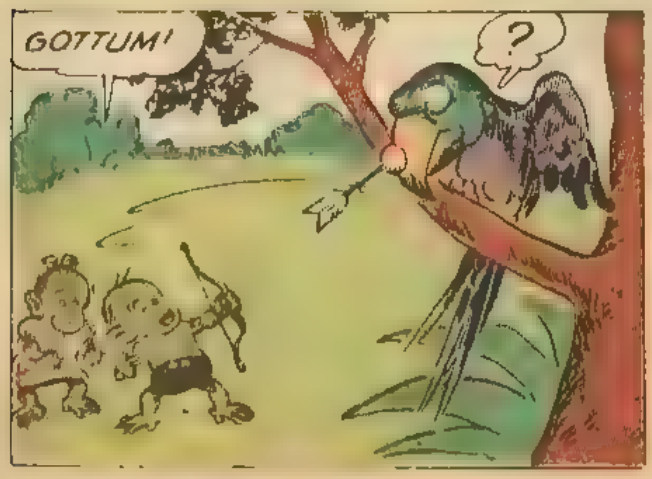

WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!
I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA... GET YOUR BOW AN' ARROW AND A LONG STRING.
SPLASH!

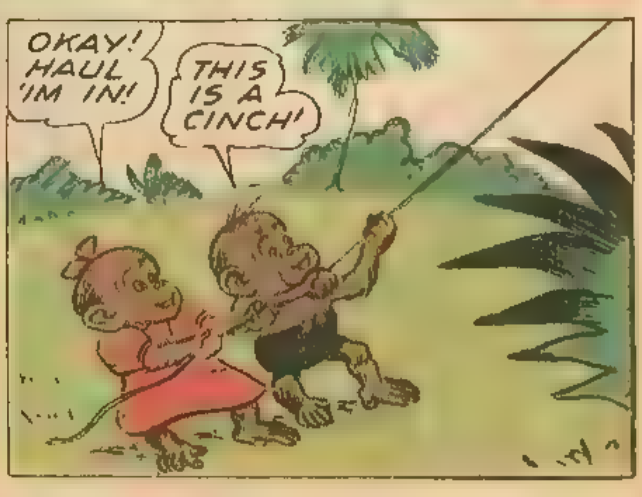

POP IS GONNA HAVE ROAST PARROT FOR DINNER TONIGHT!
BUT WE CAN'T SHOOT ANYTHING WITH THESE ARROWS! THEY HAVE NO POINTS!

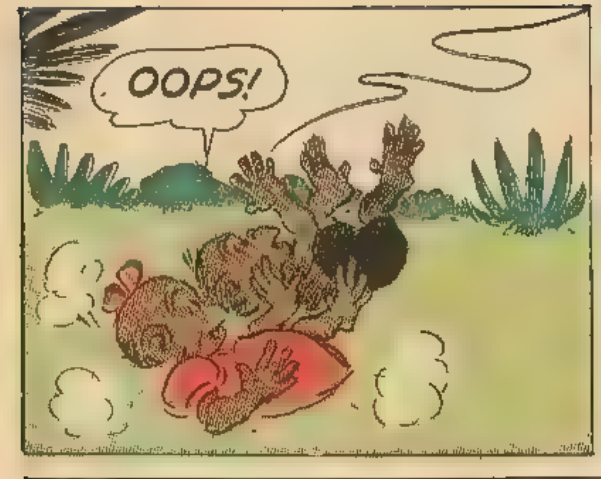

NO, BUT THEY HAVE SUCTION CUPS! WE'LL JUST TIE THIS STRING TO THE ARROW AND WHEN IT STICKS ON THE BIRD, WE JUST PULL HIM IN!
LIKE FISHING, HUH?

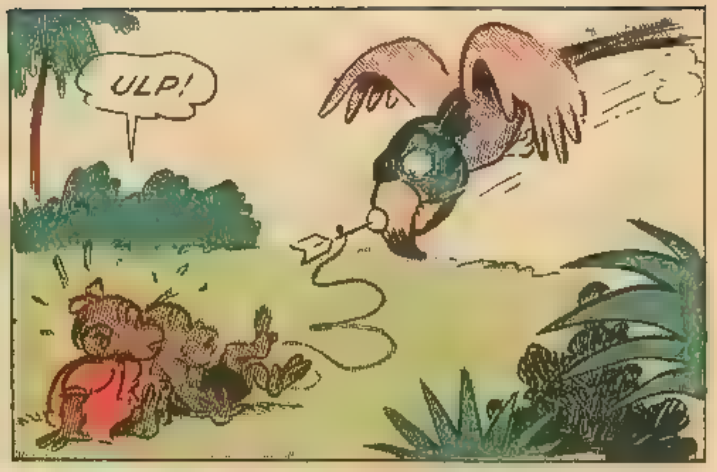
YOU HOLD ON TO THE STRING.

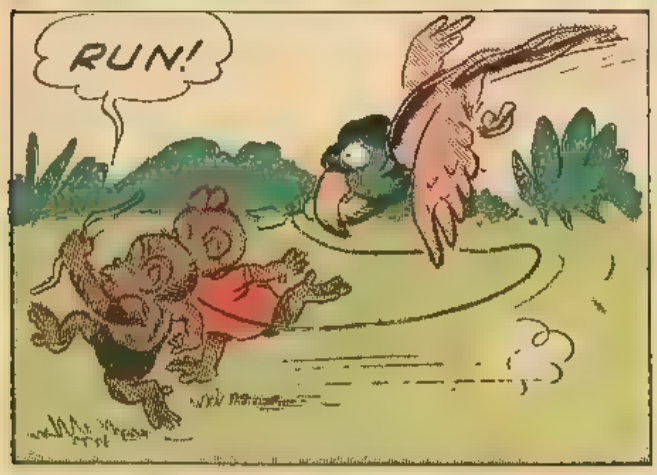

KAWK!
AH! THERE'S ONE NOW!

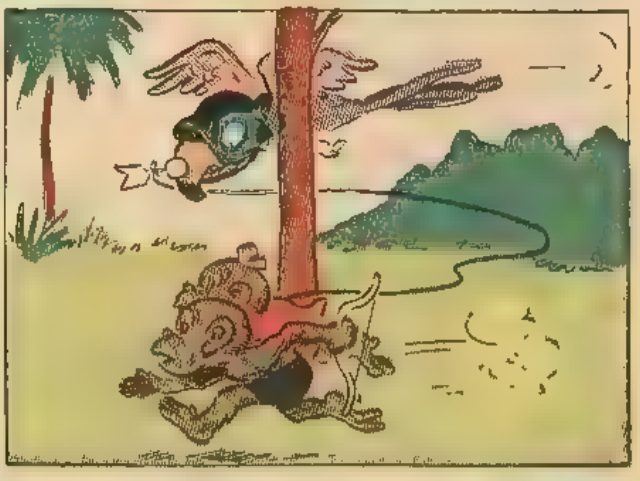

GOTTUM!
?

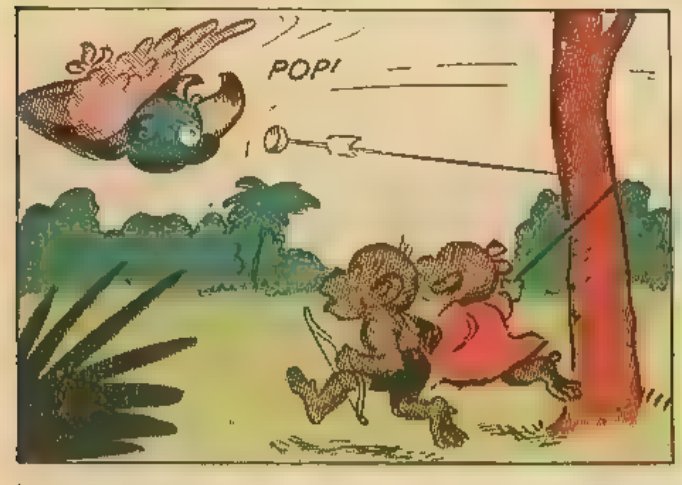

OKAY! HAUL 'IM IN!
THIS IS A CINCH!

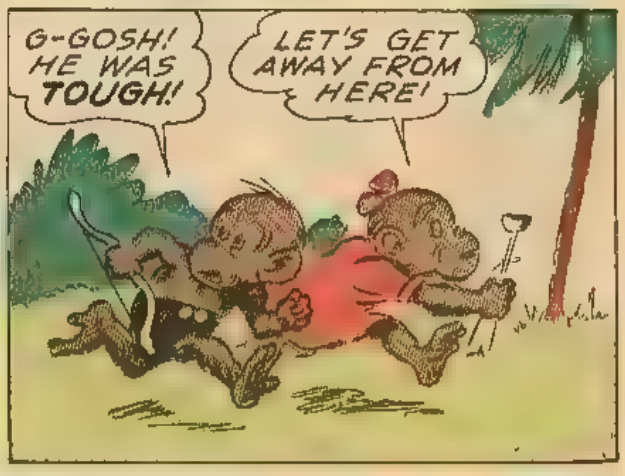

OOPS!

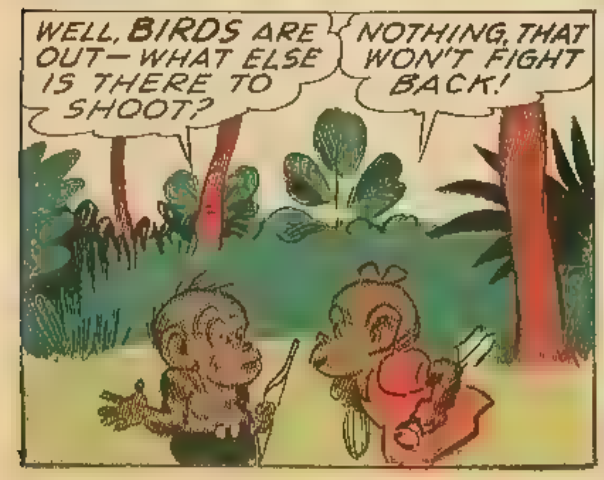

ULP!

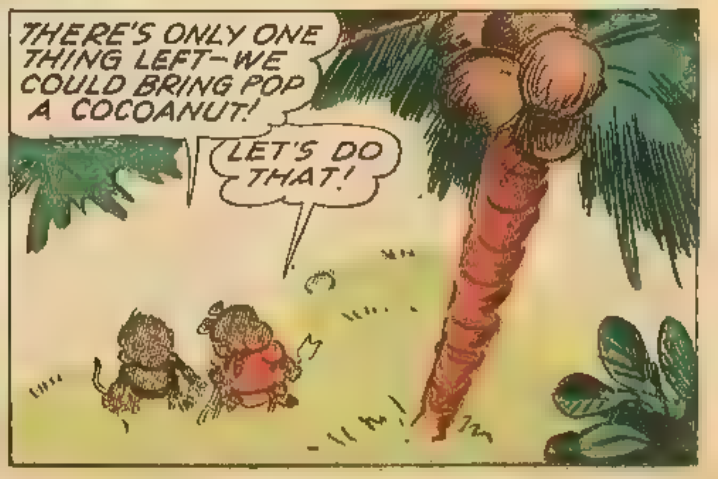

RUN!



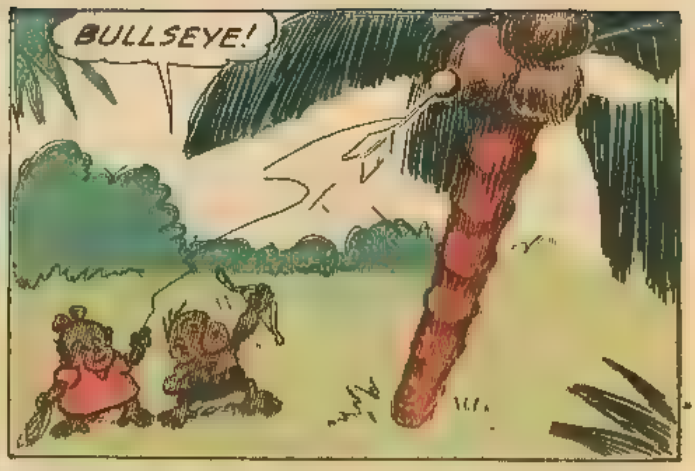

POP!

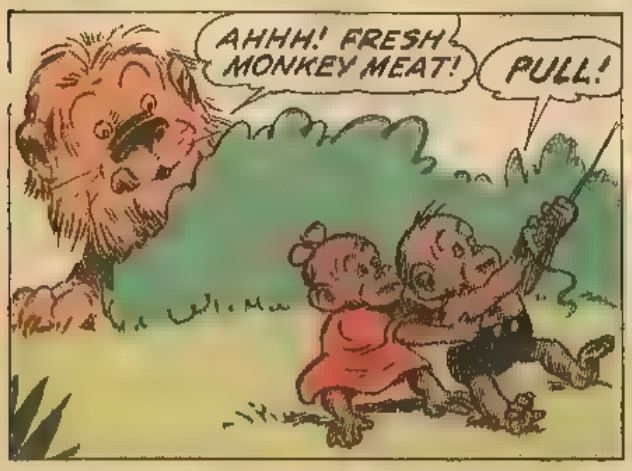

G-GOSH! HE WAS TOUGH!
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

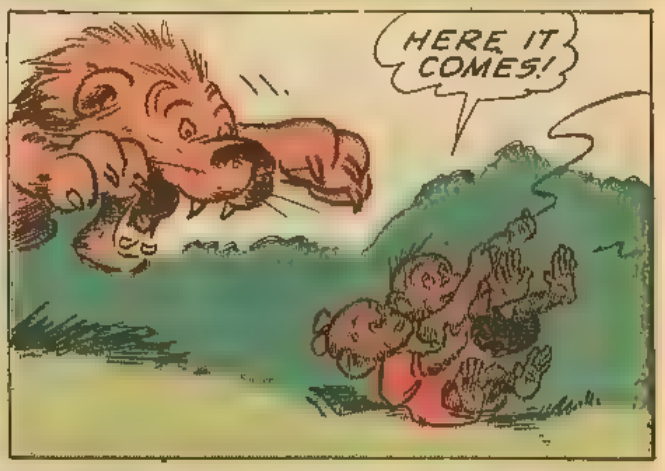

WELL, BIRDS ARE OUT—WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO SHOOT?
NOTHING, THAT WON'T FIGHT BACK!

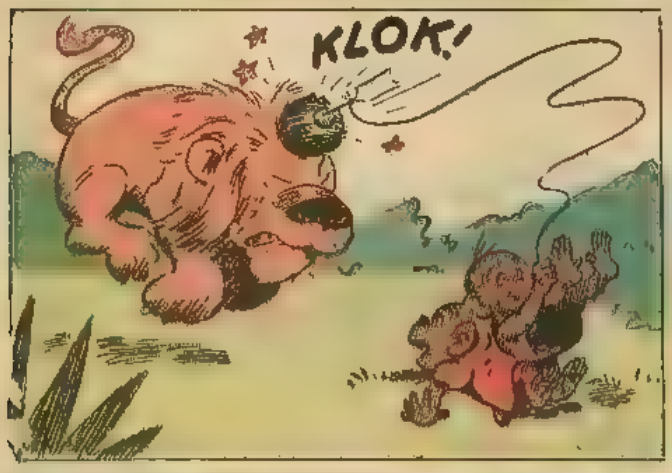

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT—WE COULD BRING POP A COCOANUT!
LET'S DO THAT!

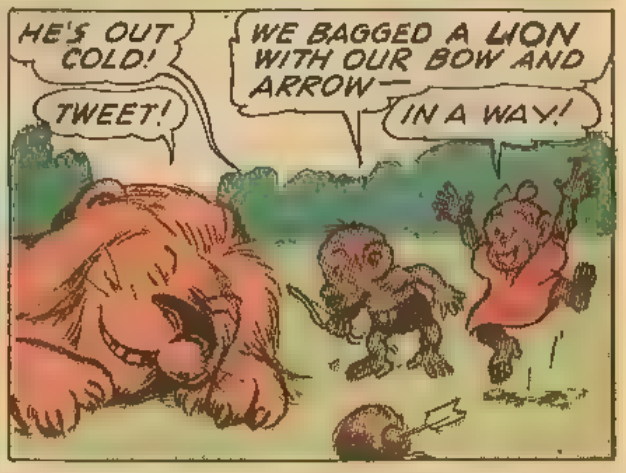
I'LL SHOOT ONE AND WE'LL PULL IT DOWN!

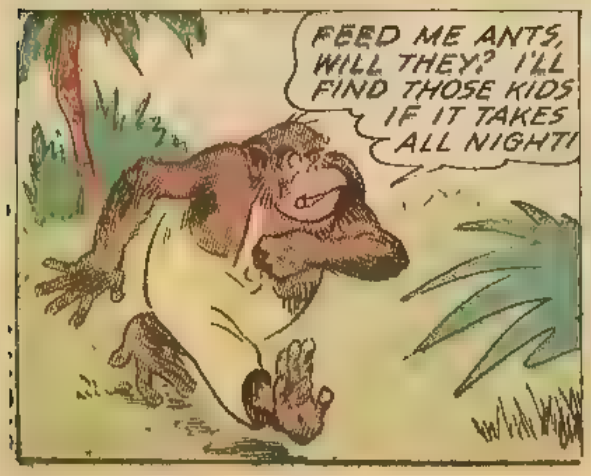

BULLSEYE!

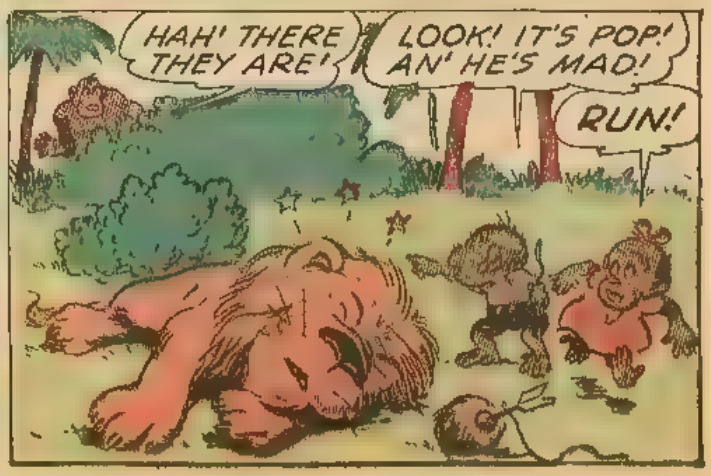

AHHH! FRESH MONKEY MEAT!
PULL!


HERE IT COMES!

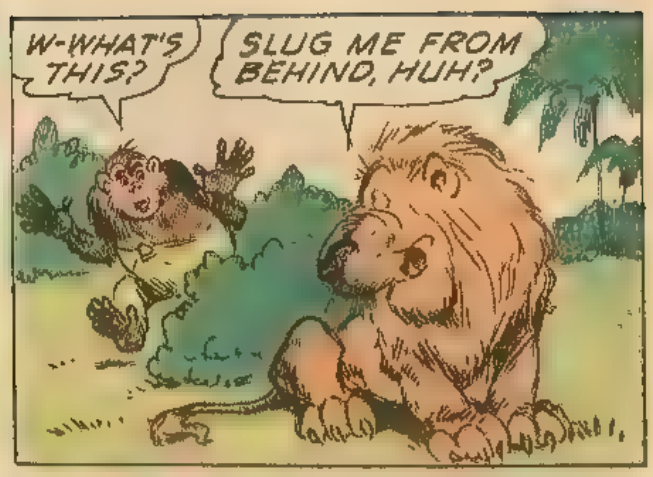

KLOK!


HE'S OUT COLD!
TWEET!
WE BAGGED A LION WITH OUR BOW AND ARROW—
IN A WAY!

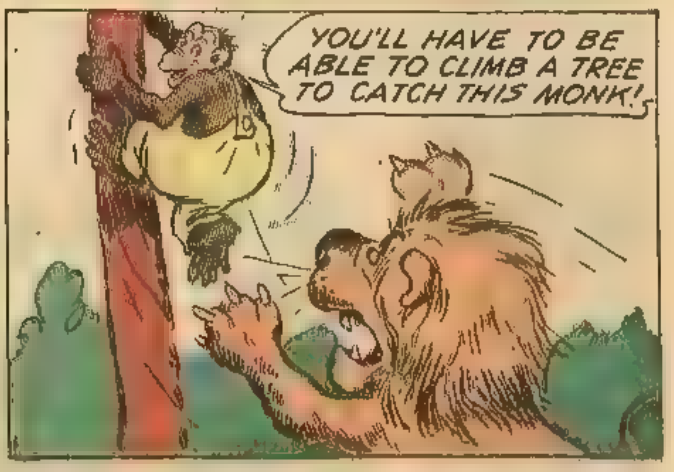

FEED ME ANTS, WILL THEY? I'LL FIND THOSE KIDS IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!

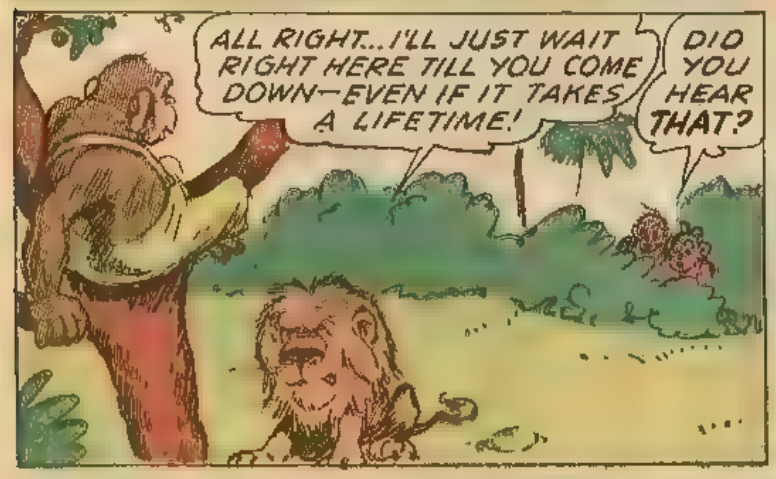

HAH! THERE THEY ARE!
LOOK! IT'S POP! AN' HE'S MAD!
RUN!

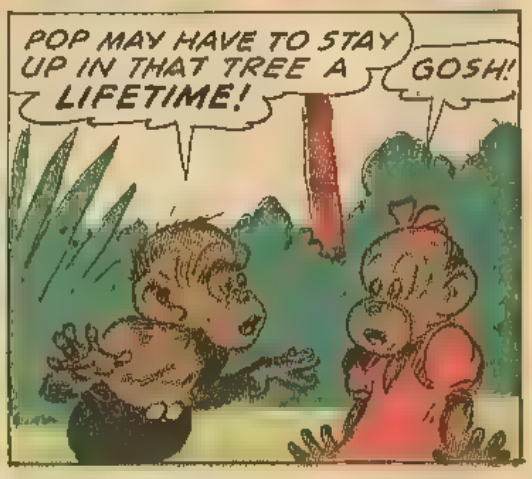
COME BACK HERE—HUH?

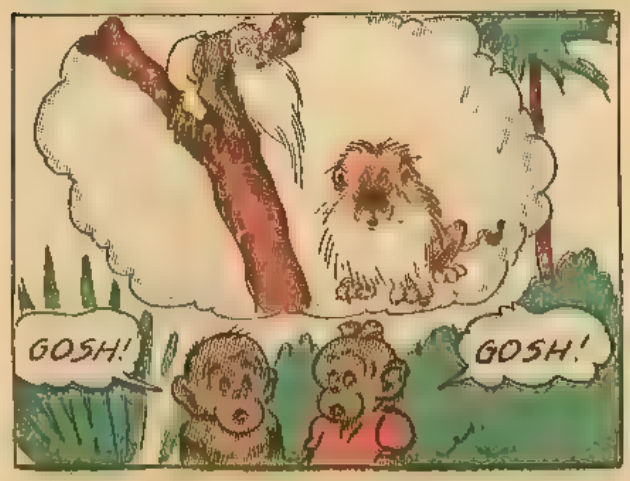

W-WHAT'S THIS?
SLUG ME FROM BEHIND, HUH?

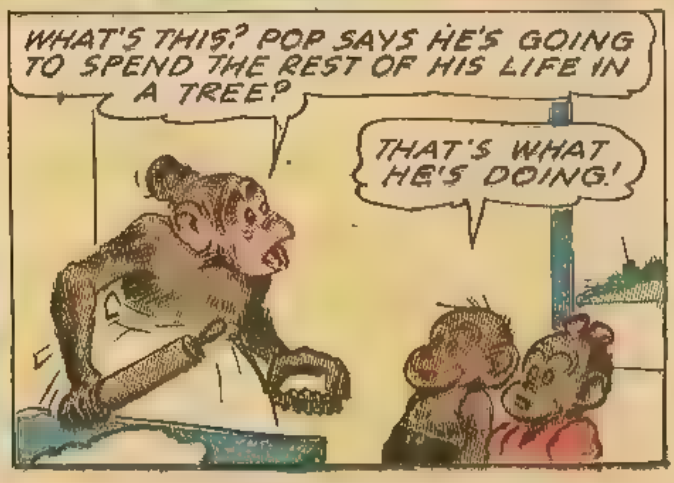
I DIDN'T!
ONE MONK TASTES AS GOOD AS ANOTHER!

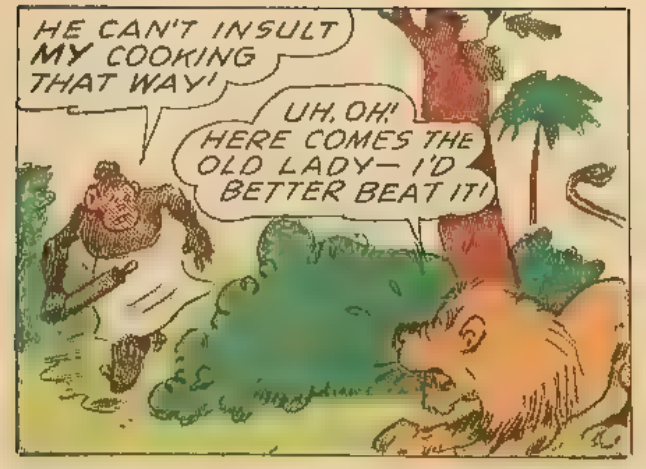

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE ABLE TO CLIMB A TREE TO CATCH THIS MONK!

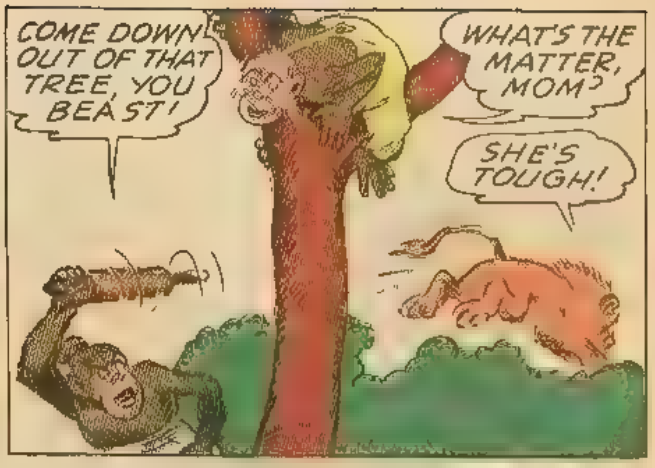

ALL RIGHT...I'LL JUST WAIT RIGHT HERE TILL YOU COME DOWN—EVEN IF IT TAKES A LIFETIME!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

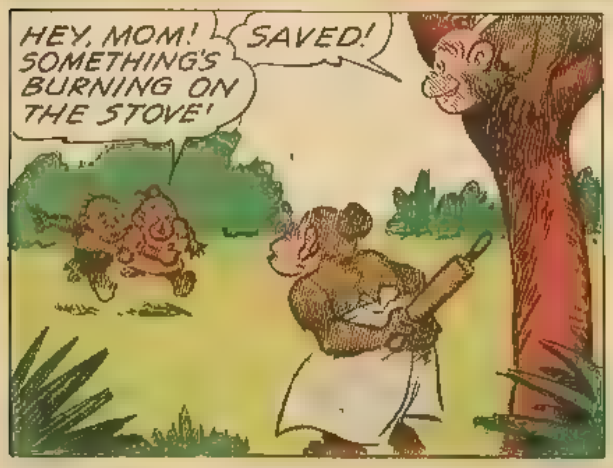

POP MAY HAVE TO STAY UP IN THAT TREE A LIFETIME!
GOSH!


GOSH!
GOSH!

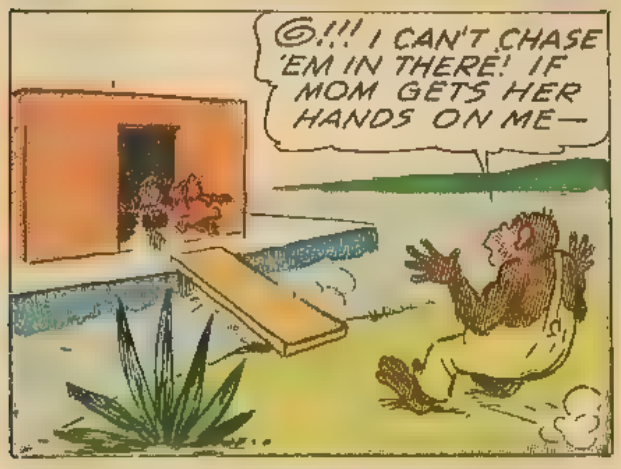

WHAT'S THIS? POP SAYS HE'S GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A TREE?
THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING!


HE CAN'T INSULT MY COOKING THAT WAY!
UH, OH! HERE COMES THE OLD LADY— I'D BETTER BEAT IT!

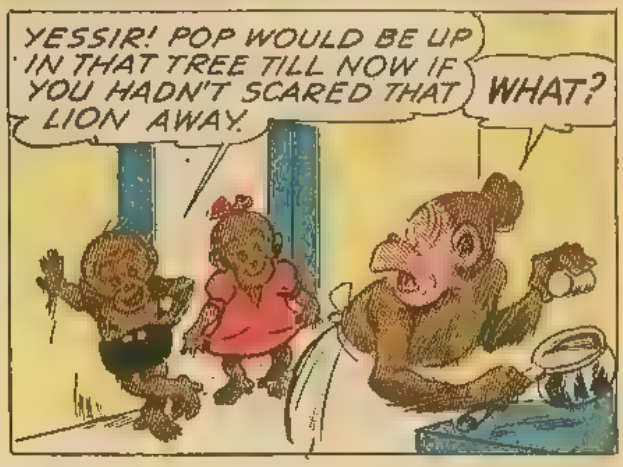

COME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE, YOU BEAST!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOM?
SHE'S TOUGH!

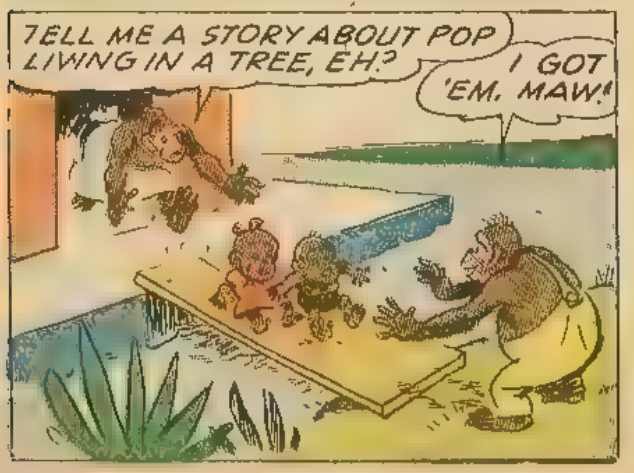

HEY, MOM! SOMETHING'S BURNING ON THE STOVE!
SAVED!

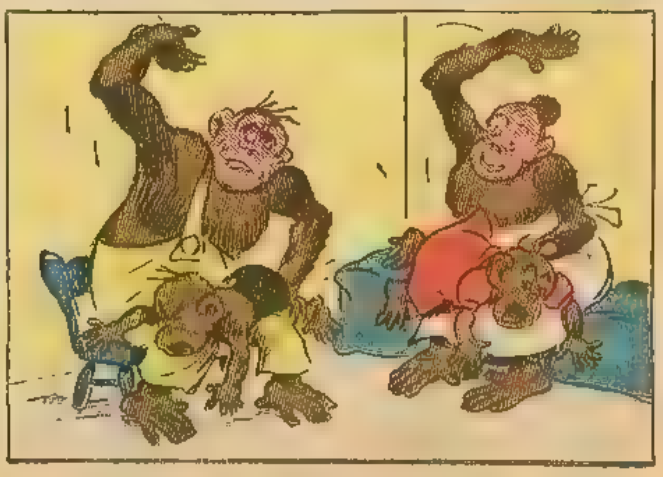
NOW I'LL ATTEND TO YOU!

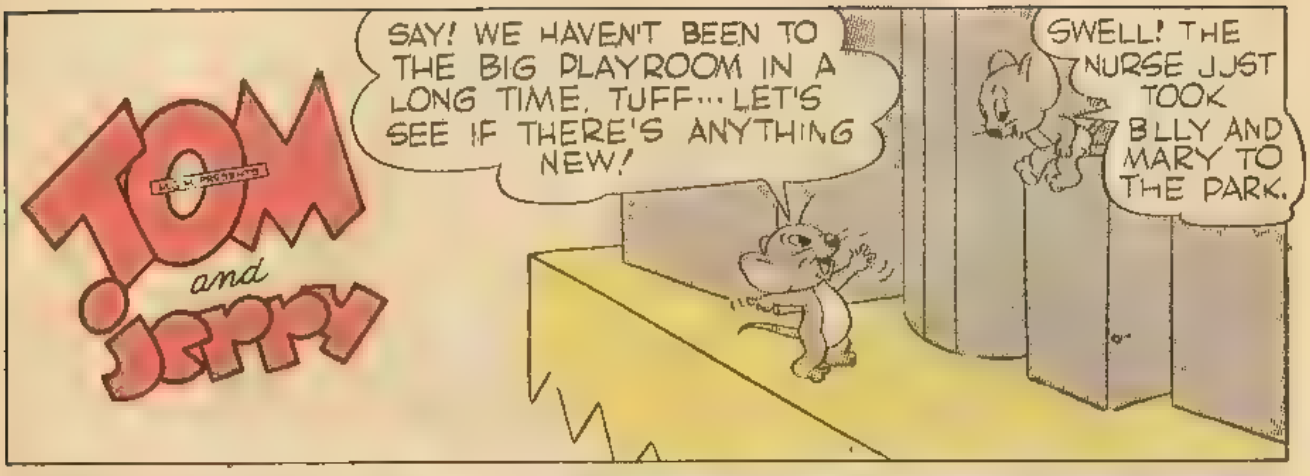

©!!! I CAN'T CHASE 'EM IN THERE! IF MOM GETS HER HANDS ON ME—

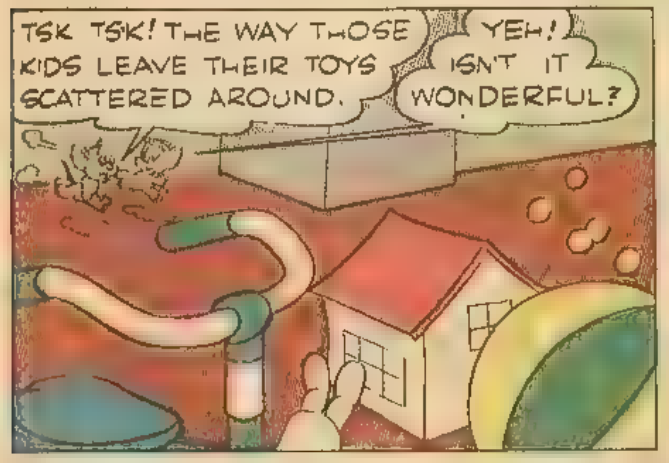
LATER

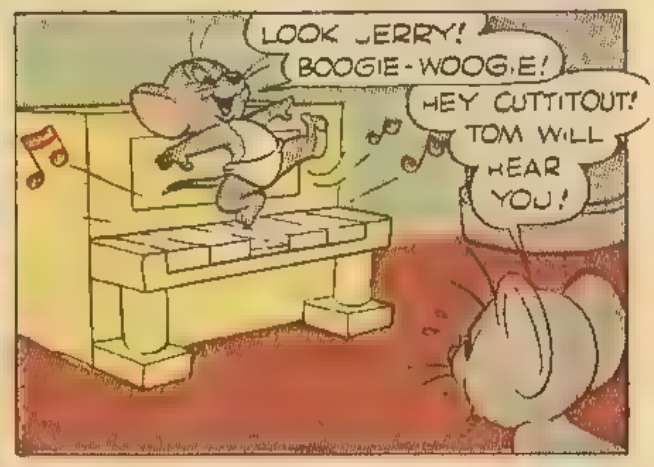

YESSIR! POP WOULD BE UP IN THAT TREE TILL NOW IF YOU HADN'T SCARED THAT LION AWAY.
WHAT?

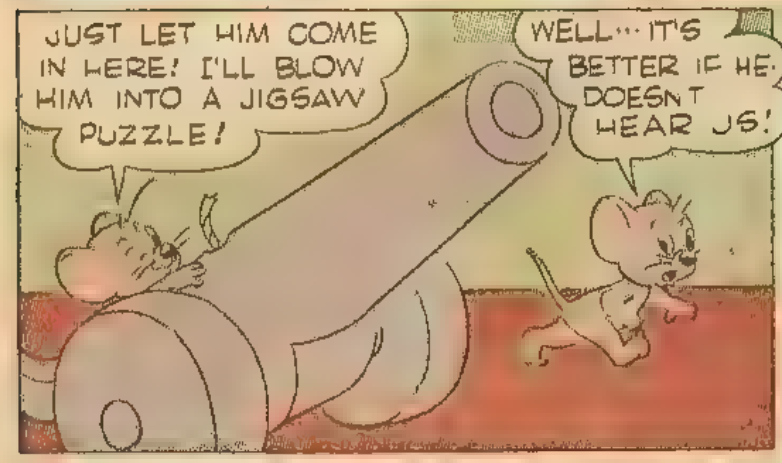

TELL ME A STORY ABOUT POP LIVING IN A TREE, EH?
I GOT 'EM, MAW!

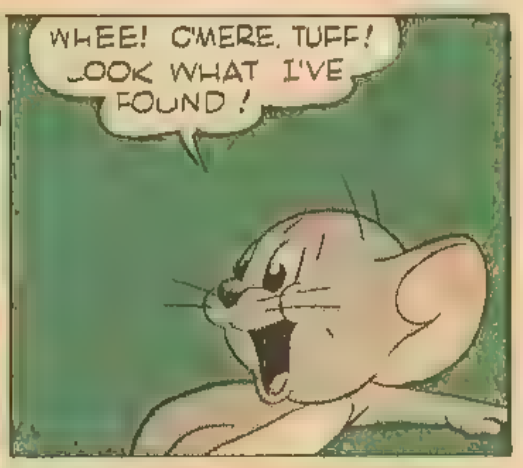


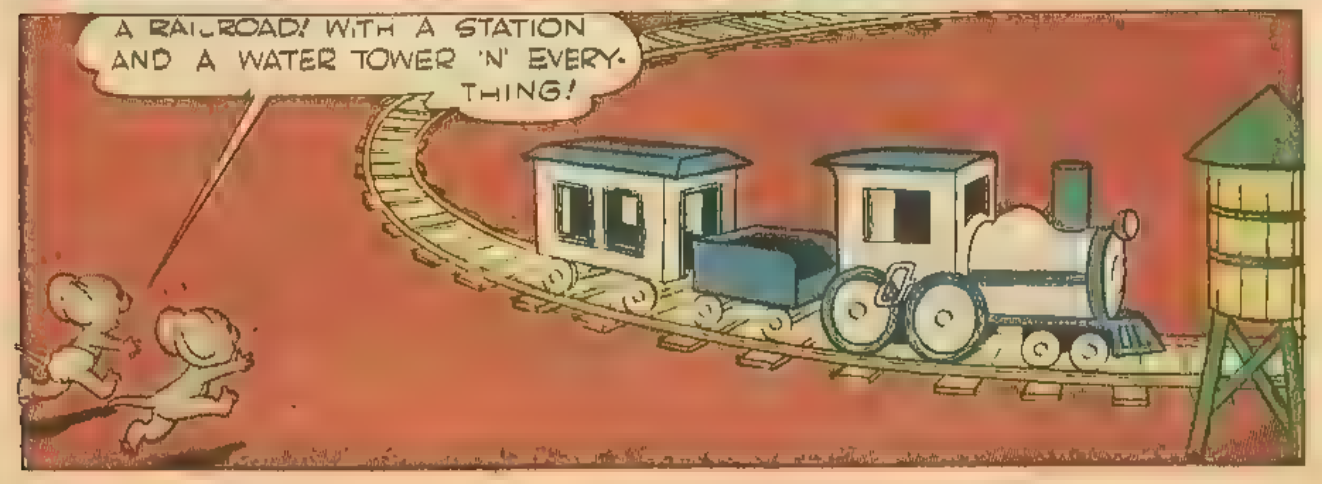

TOM and JERRY
SAY! WE HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE BIG PLAYROOM IN A LONG TIME, TUFF... LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING NEW!
SWELL! THE NURSE JUST TOOK BILLY AND MARY TO THE PARK.

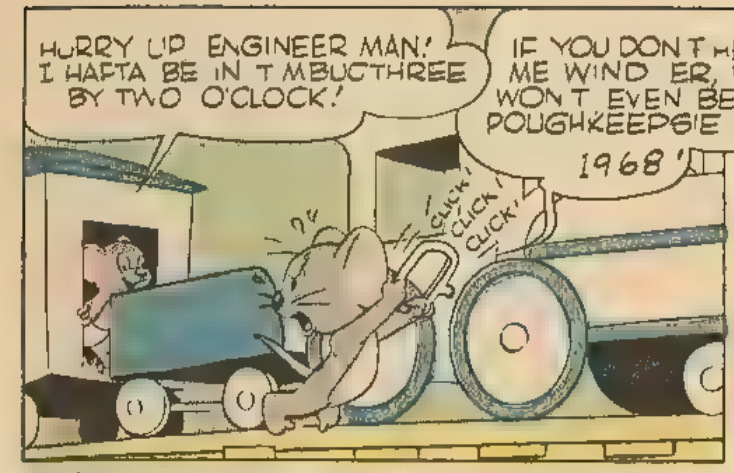

TSK TSK! THE WAY THOSE KIDS LEAVE THEIR TOYS SCATTERED AROUND.
YEH! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

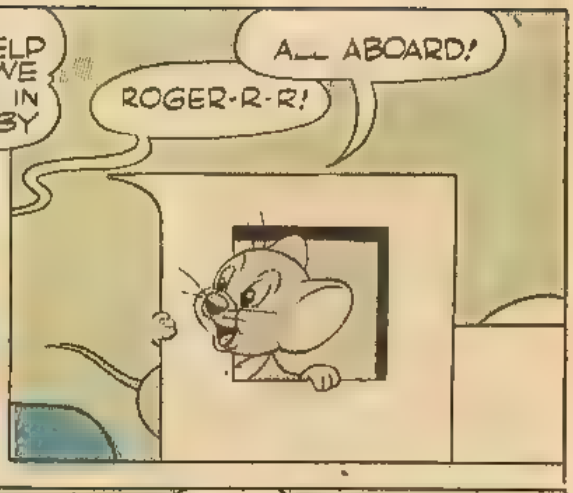

LOOK JERRY! BOOGIE-WOOGIE!
HEY CUTTITOUT! TOM WILL HEAR YOU!

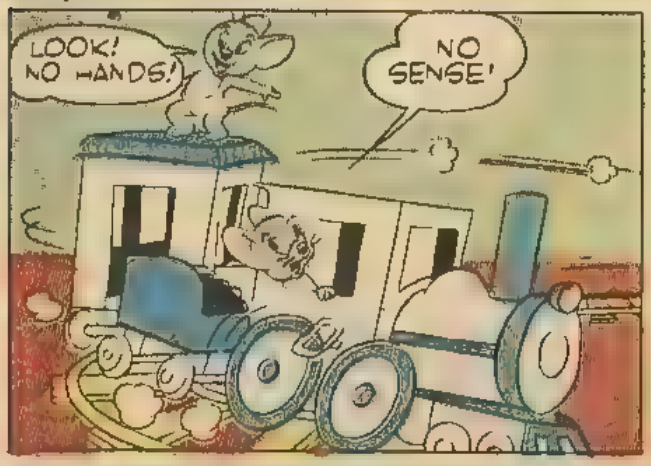

JUST LET HIM COME IN HERE! I'LL BLOW HIM INTO A JIGSAW PUZZLE!
WELL... IT'S BETTER IF HE DOESN'T HEAR US!

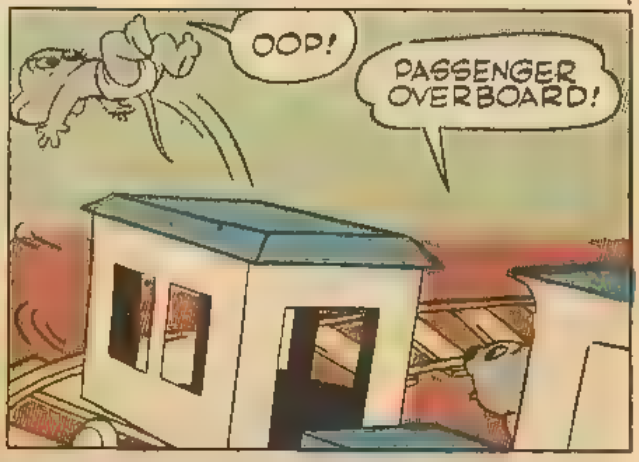

WHEE! C'MERE, TUFF! LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!

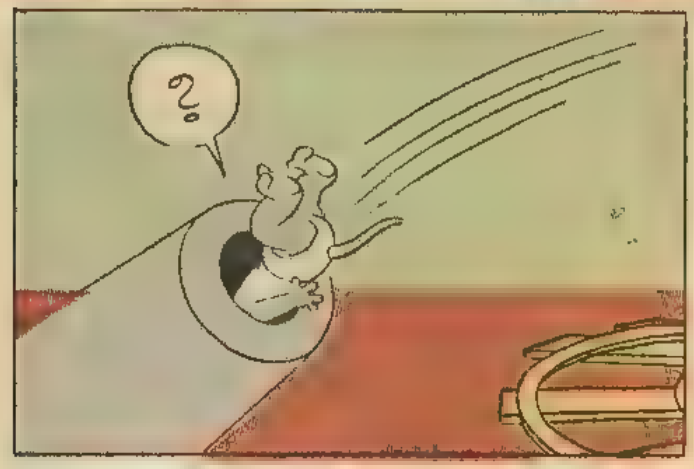

A RAILROAD! WITH A STATION AND A WATER TOWER 'N' EVERYTHING!


HURRY UP ENGINEER MAN! I HAFTA BE IN TMBUCTHREE BY TWO O'CLOCK!
IF YOU DON'T HELP ME WIND ER, WE WON'T EVEN BE IN POUGHKEEPSIE BY 1968!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!


ALL ABOARD!
ROGER-R-R!


LOOK! NO HANDS!
NO SENSE!


OOP!
PASSENGER OVERBOARD!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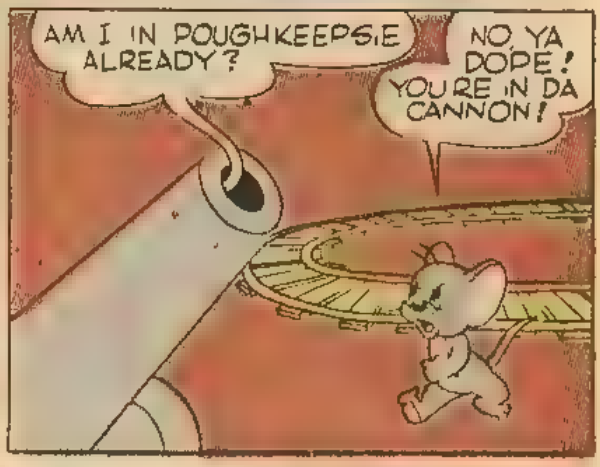
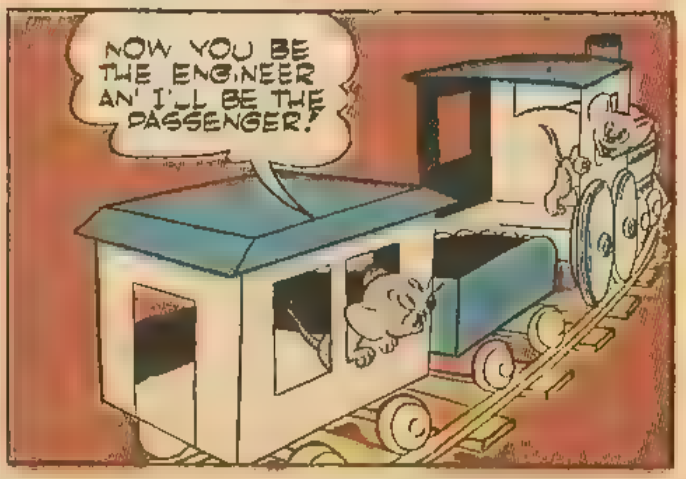
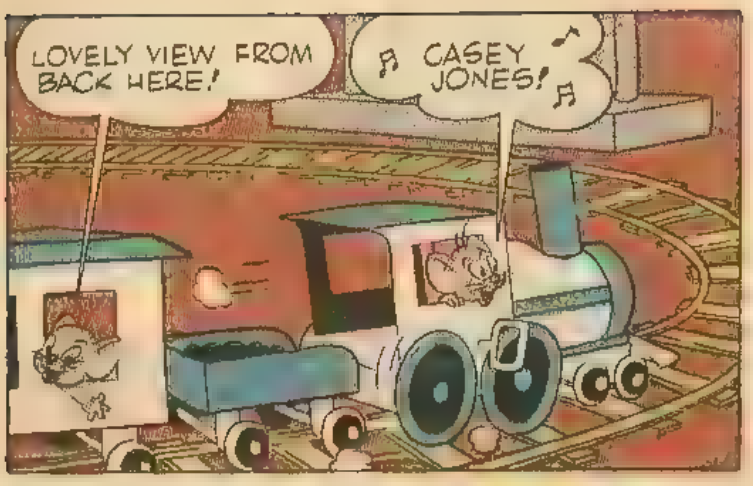
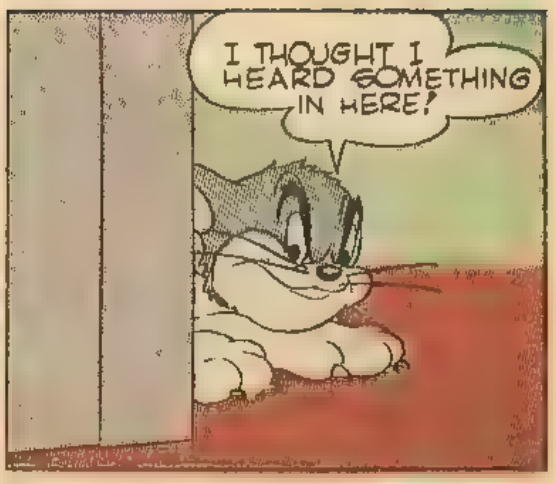
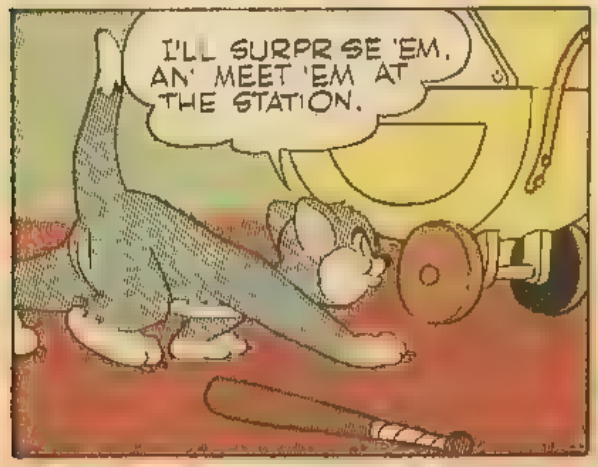

AM I IN POUGHKEEPSIE ALREADY?
NO, YA DOPE! YOU'RE IN DA CANNON!

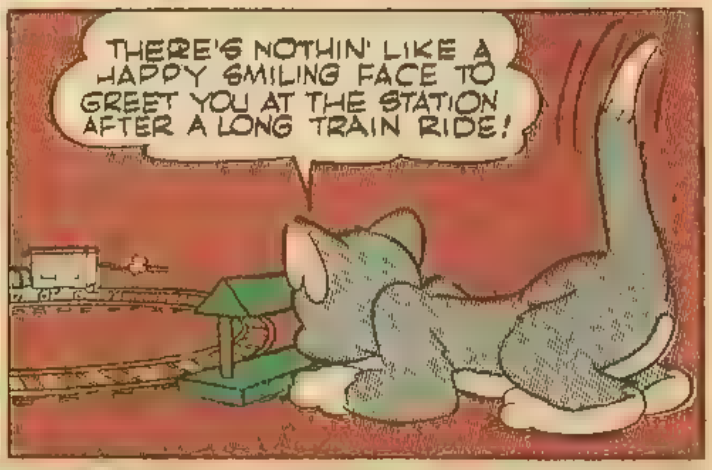
AND STOP CLOWNING!

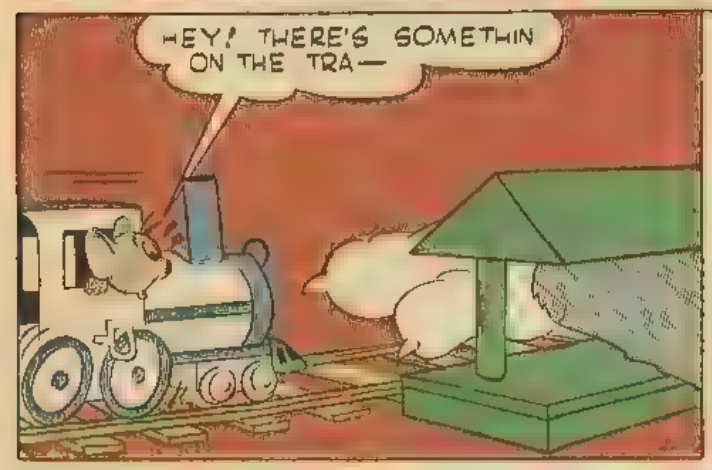

NOW YOU BE THE ENGINEER AN' I'LL BE THE PASSENGER!

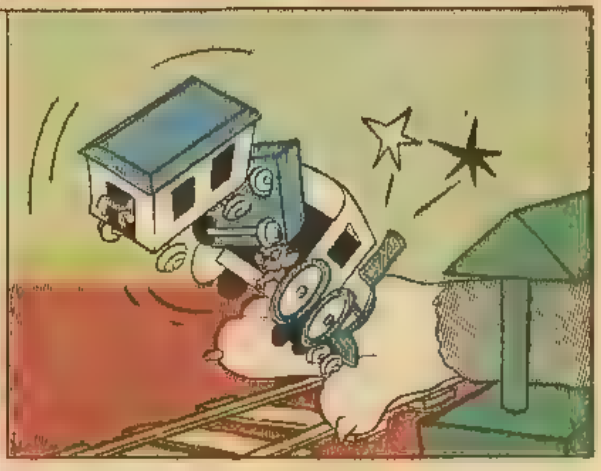

LOVELY VIEW FROM BACK HERE!
♪ CASEY JONES! ♪

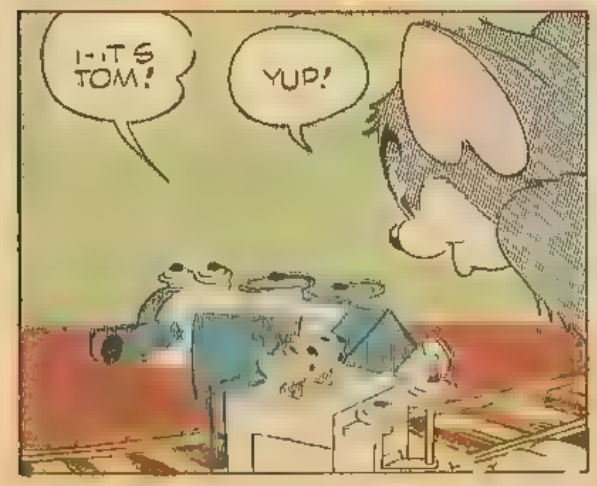

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING IN HERE!

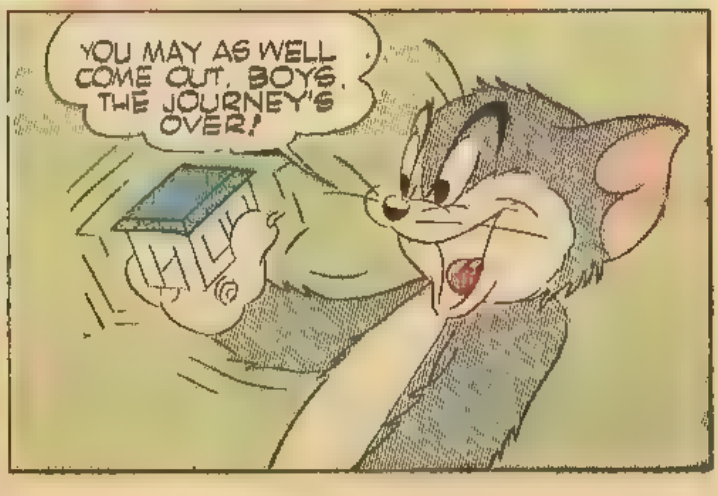

I'LL SURPRISE 'EM, AN' MEET 'EM AT THE STATION.

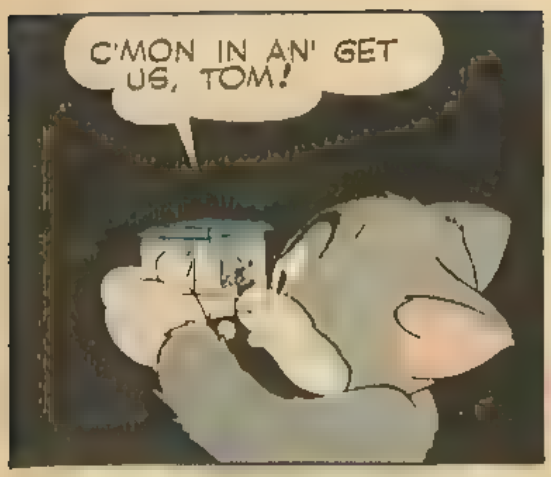

THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A HAPPY SMILING FACE TO GREET YOU AT THE STATION AFTER A LONG TRAIN RIDE!

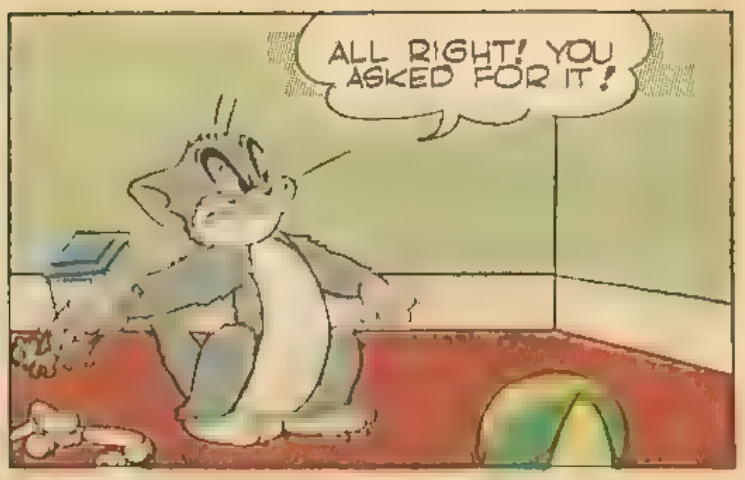

HEY! THERE'S SOMETHIN ON THE TRA—

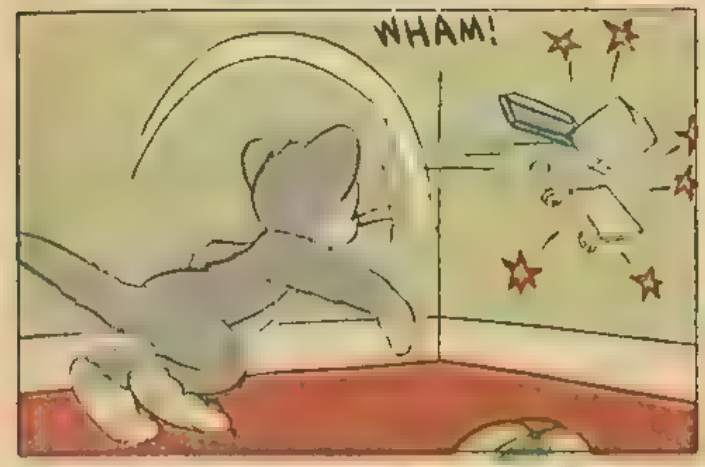


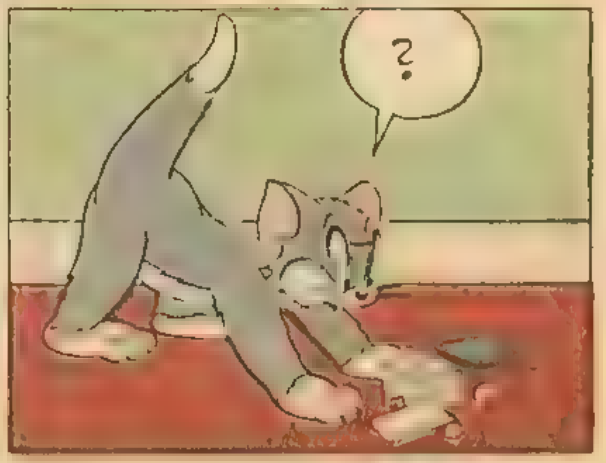

IT'S TOM!
YUP!


YOU MAY AS WELL COME OUT, BOYS. THE JOURNEY'S OVER!


C'MON IN AN' GET US, TOM!


ALL RIGHT! YOU ASKED FOR IT!


WHAM!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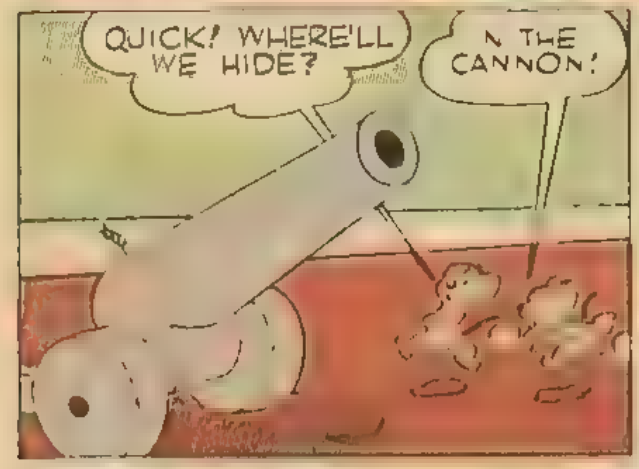
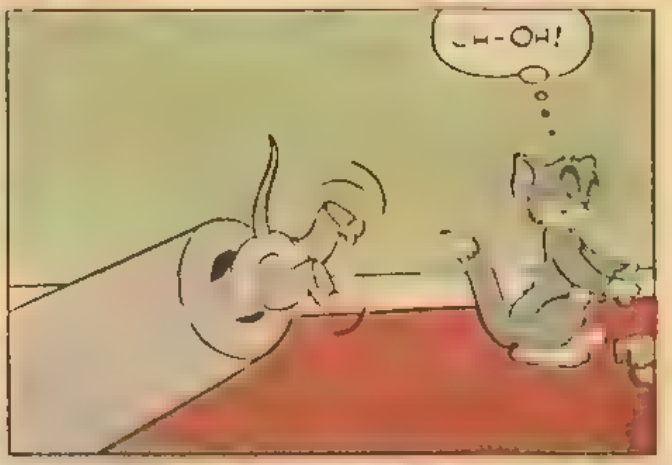
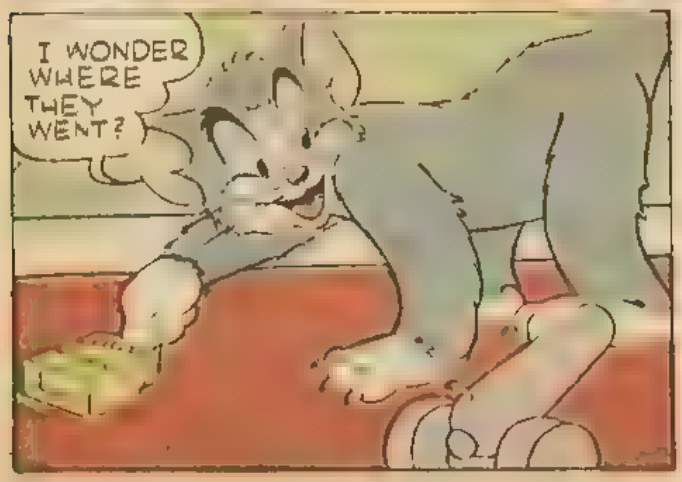
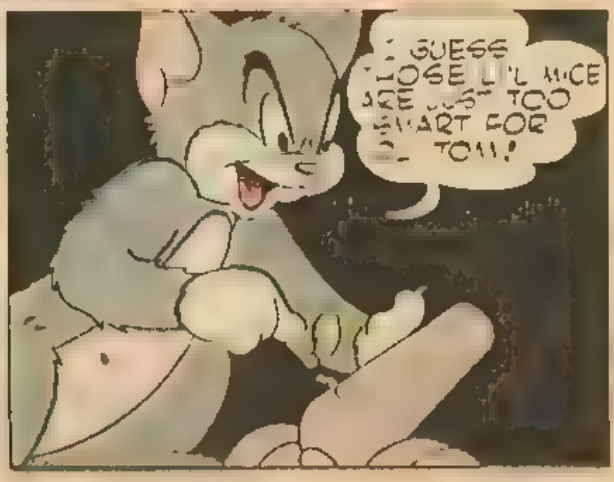
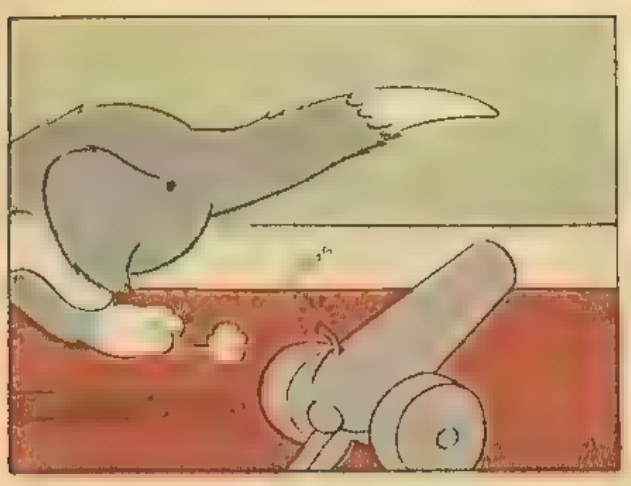
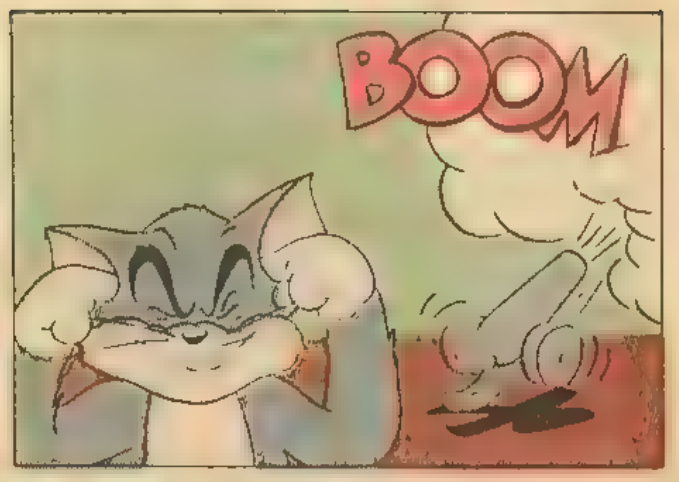

QUICK! WHERE'LL WE HIDE?
N THE CANNON!

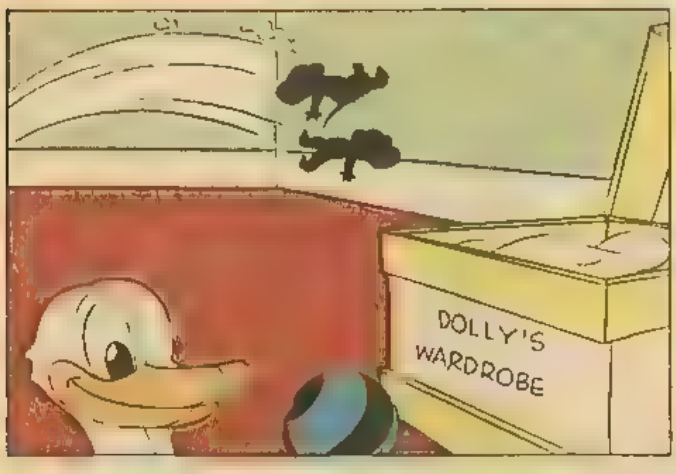

-OH!

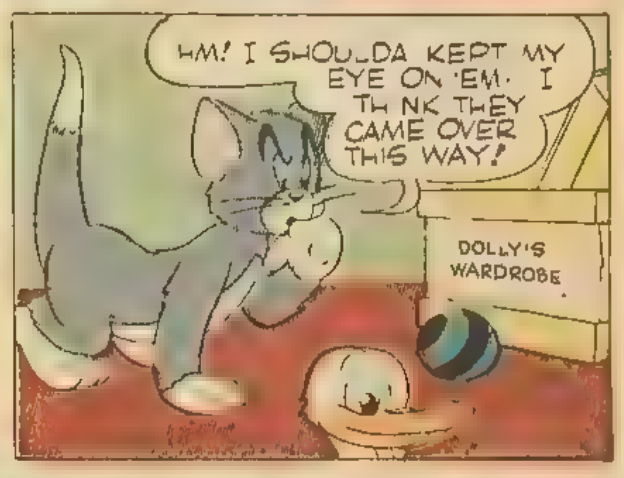

I WONDER WHERE THEY WENT?

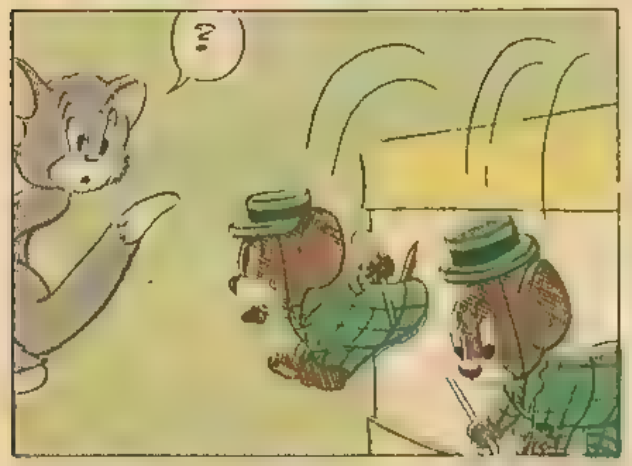

GUESS
TOO
ART FOR
TOM!




BOOM


DOLLY'S WARDROBE


HM! I SHOULDA KEPT MY EYE ON 'EM. I TH NK THEY CAME OVER THIS WAY!
DOLLY'S WARDROBE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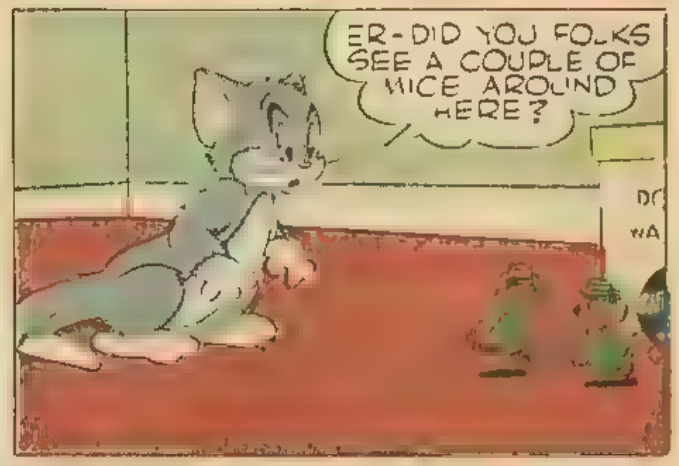
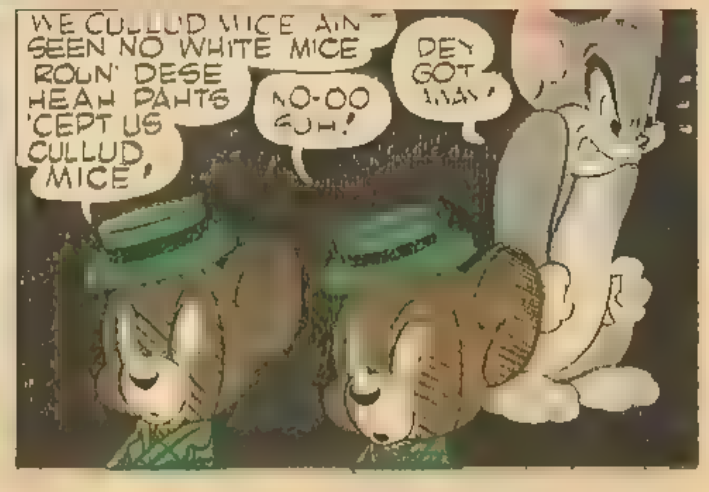
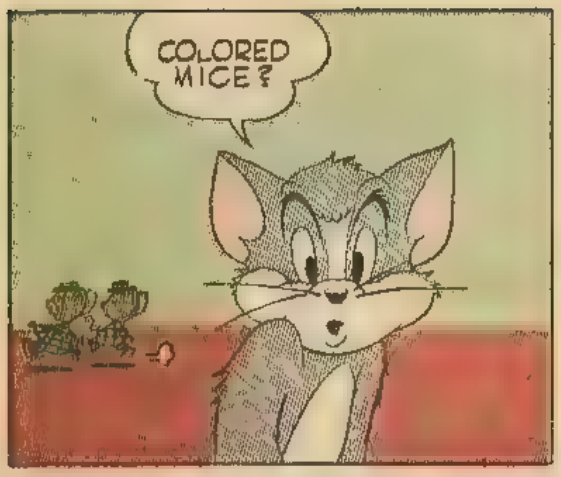
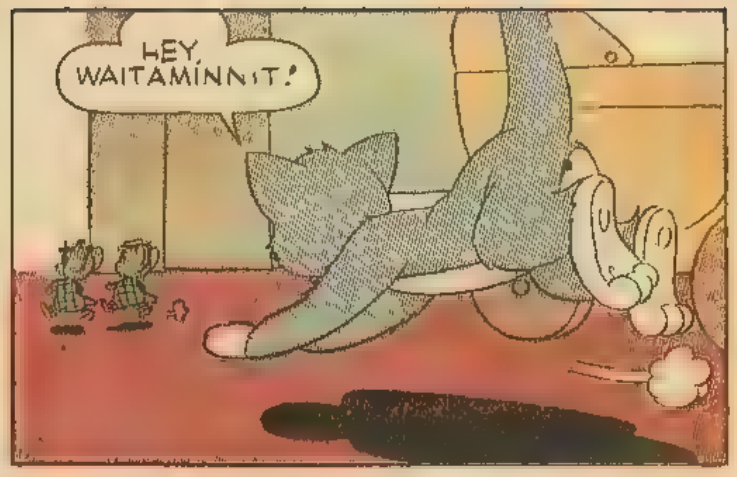
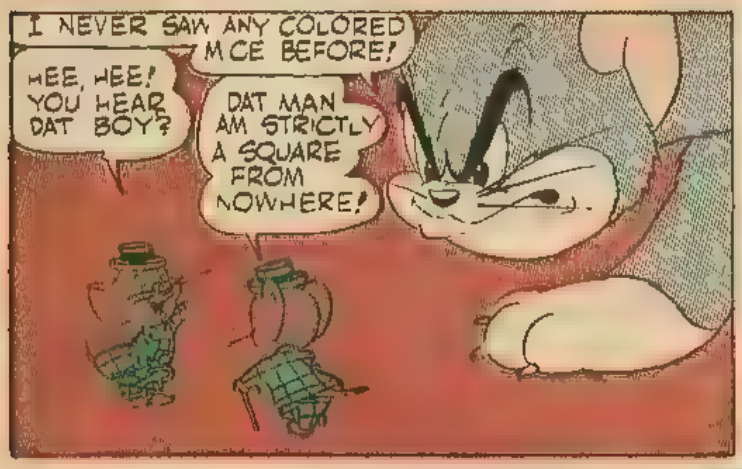

ER-DID YOU FOLKS SEE A COUPLE OF MICE AROUND HERE?

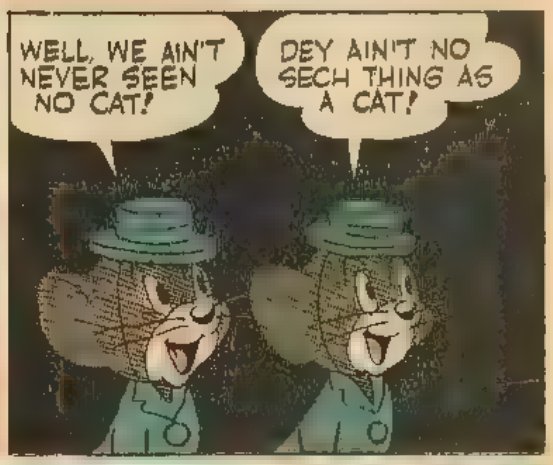
WHUT K NDA M CE BIG BOY?
ER WHITE M CE!

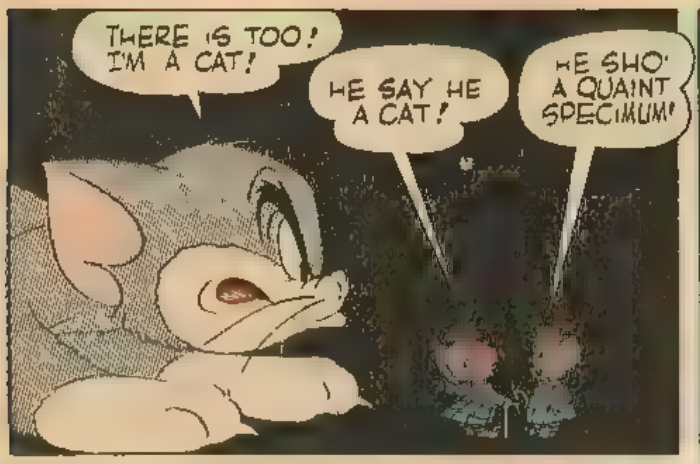

WE CULLUD MICE AIN' SEEN NO WHITE MICE ROUN' DESE HEAH PARTS 'CEPT US CULLUD MICE,
NO-OO SUH!
DEY GOT MAN!

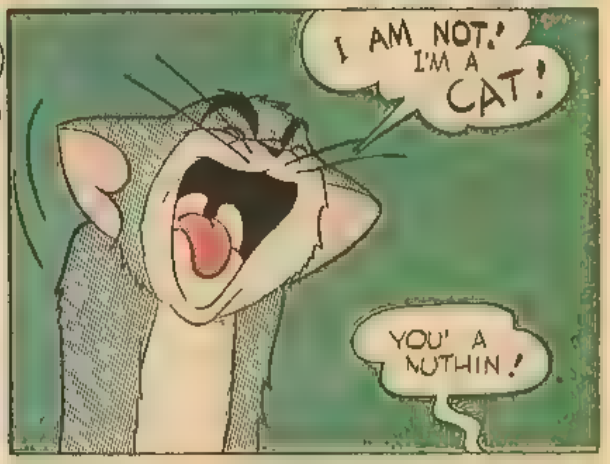

COLORED MICE?

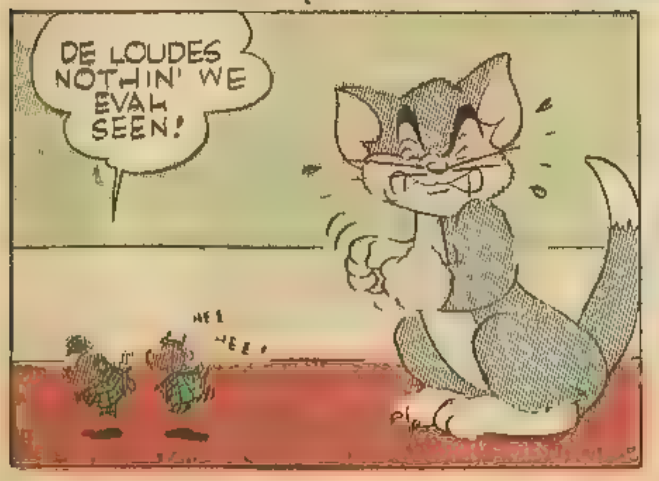

HEY, WAITAMINNIT!

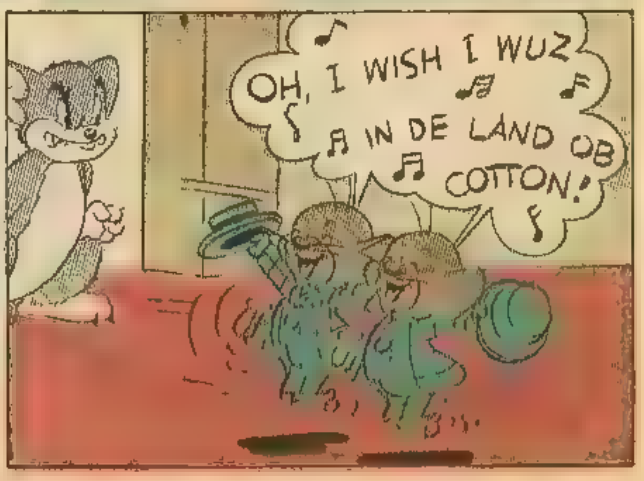

I NEVER SAW ANY COLORED MICE BEFORE!
HEE, HEE! YOU HEAR DAT BOY?
DAT MAN AM STRICTLY A SQUARE FROM NOWHERE!

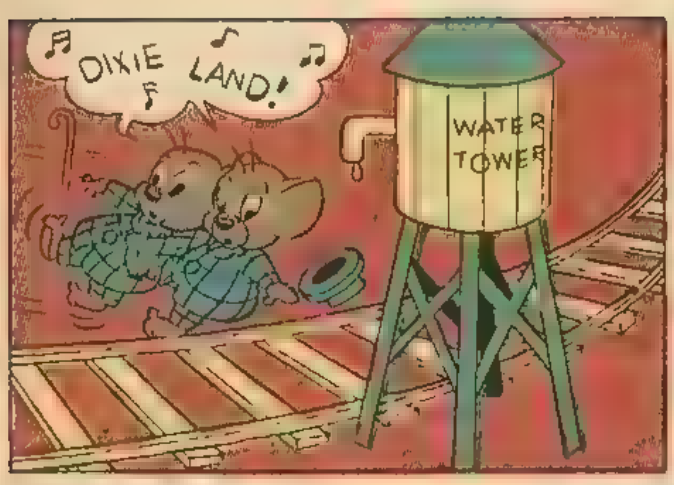

WELL, WE AIN'T NEVER SEEN NO CAT!
DEY AIN'T NO SECH THING AS A CAT!

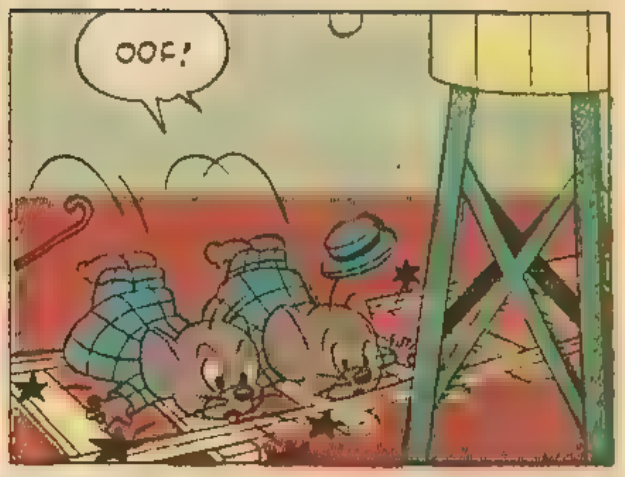

THERE IS TOO! I'M A CAT!
HE SAY HE A CAT!
HE SHO' A QUAINT SPECIMUM!

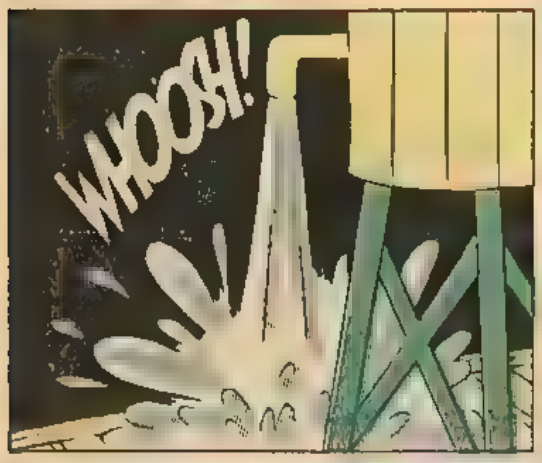

I AM NOT! I'M A CAT!
YOU' A NUTHIN!

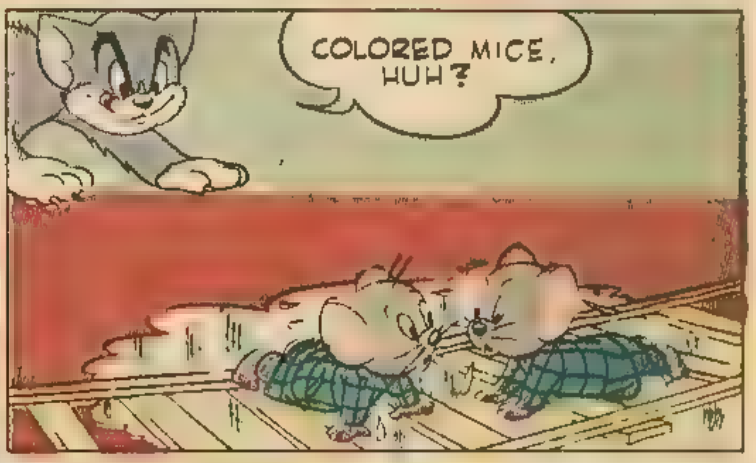

DE LOUDES NOTHIN' WE EVAH SEEN!

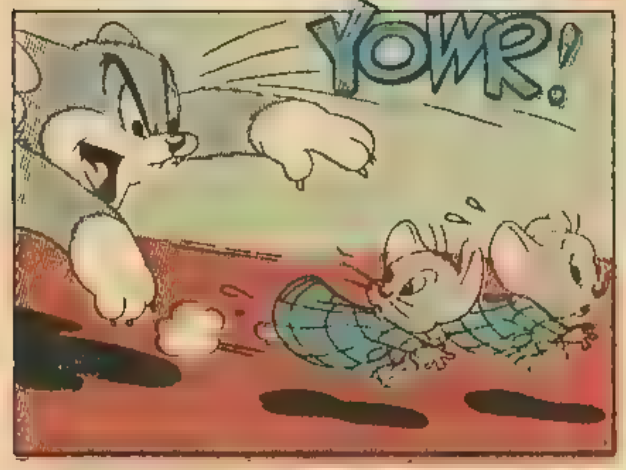

OH, I WISH I WUZ IN DE LAND OB COTTON!

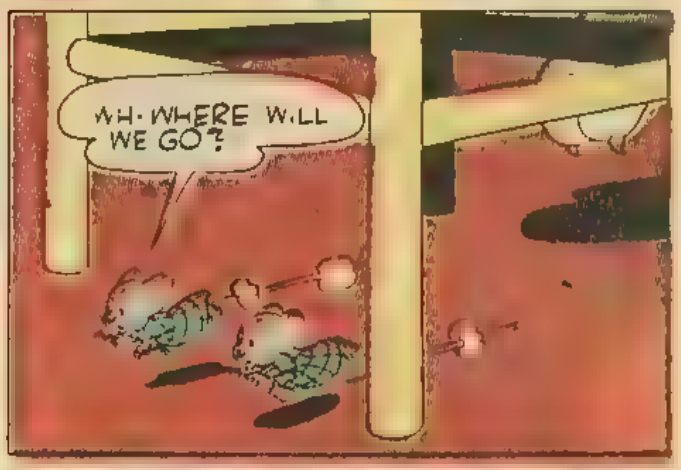

DIXIE LAND!
WATER TOWER


OOF!

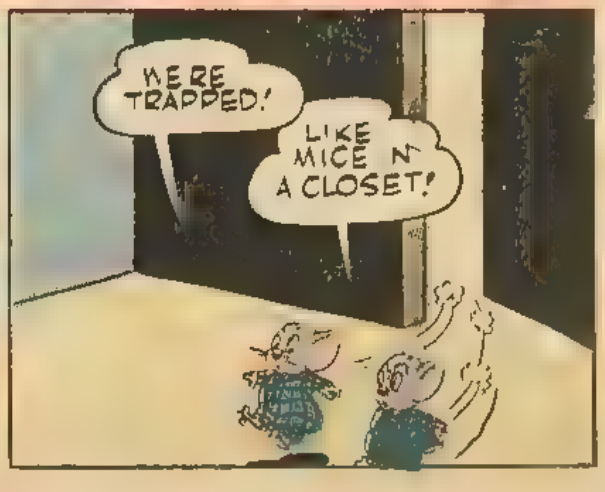

WHOOSH!

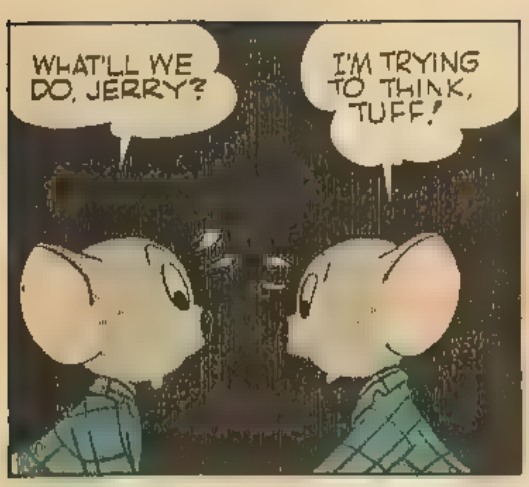

COLORED MICE, HUH?

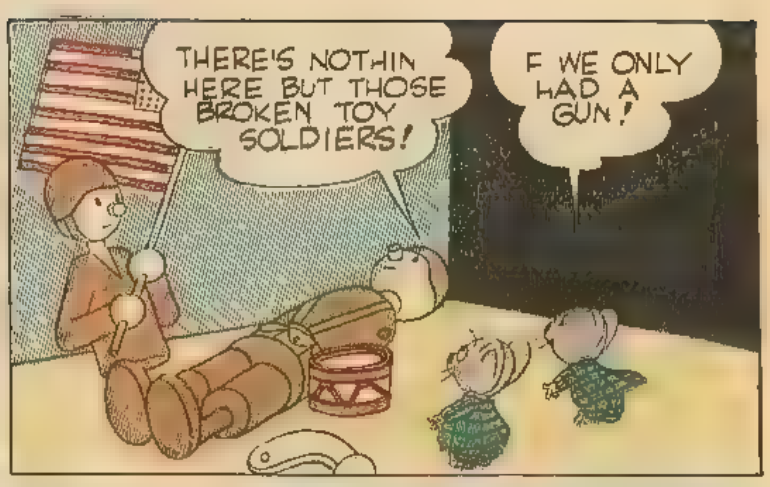

YOWP!

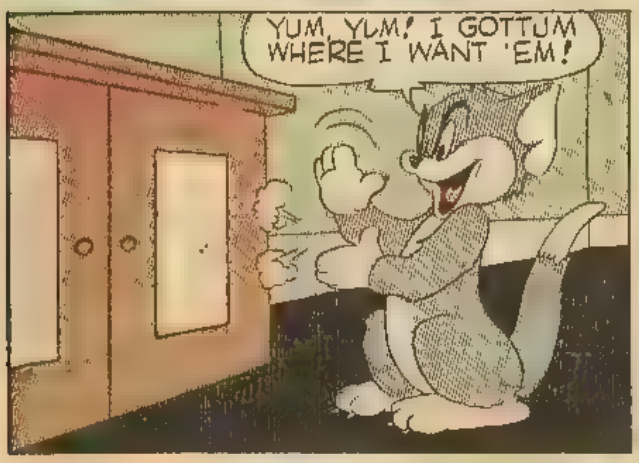

WH-WHERE WILL WE GO?

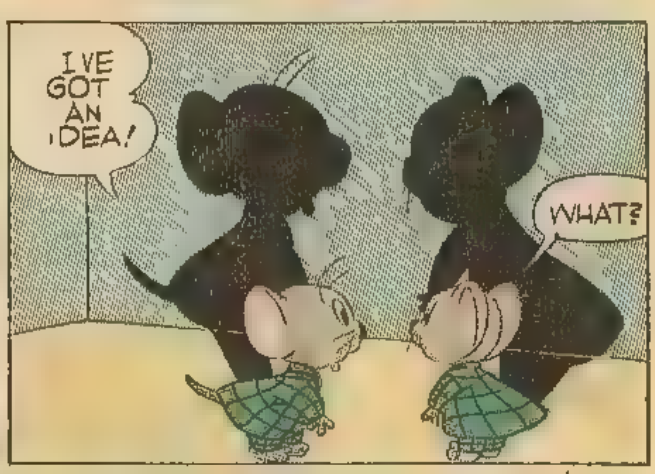
QUICK! N THE CUPBOARD!

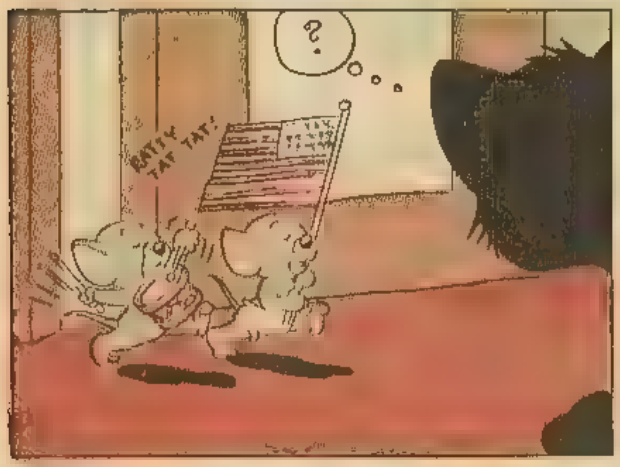

WE'RE TRAPPED!
LIKE MICE N' A CLOSET!

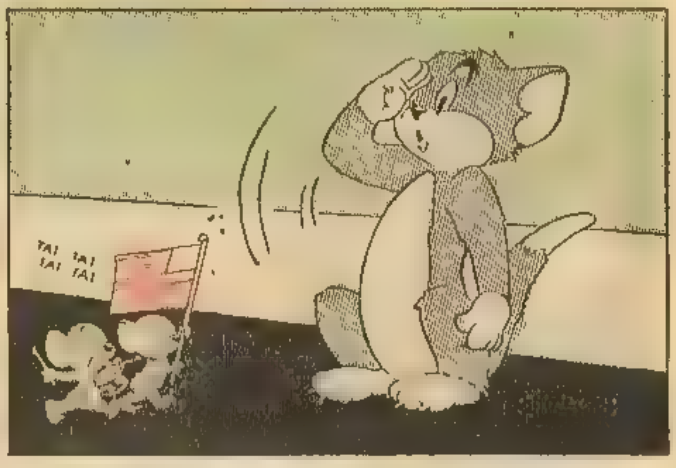


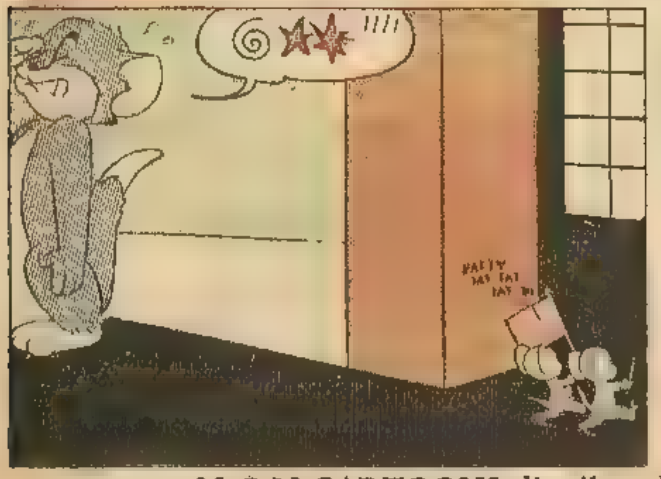


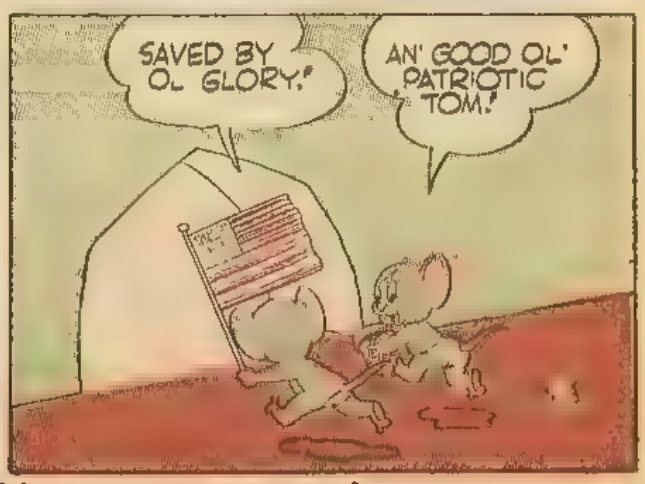




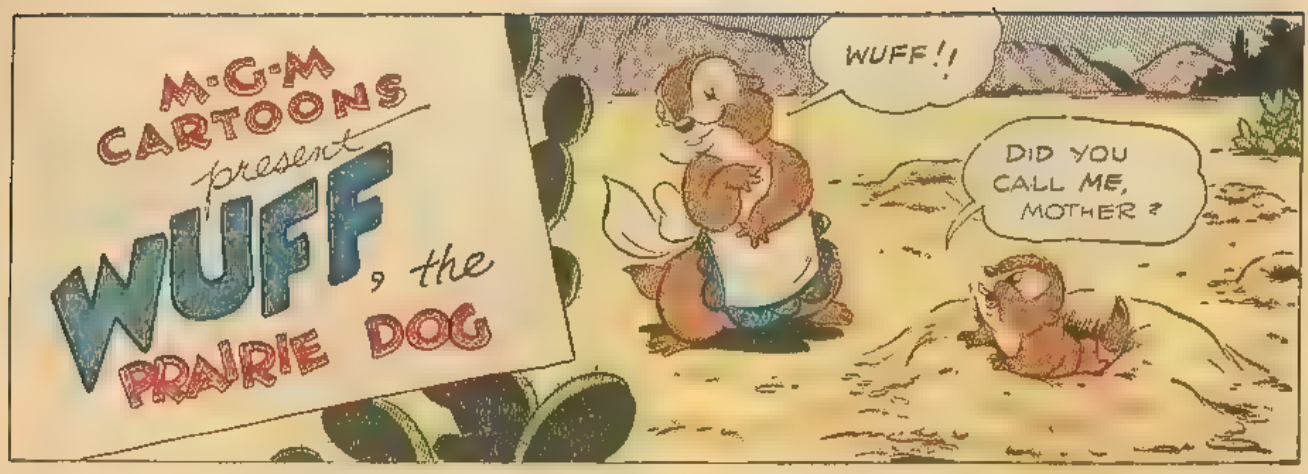


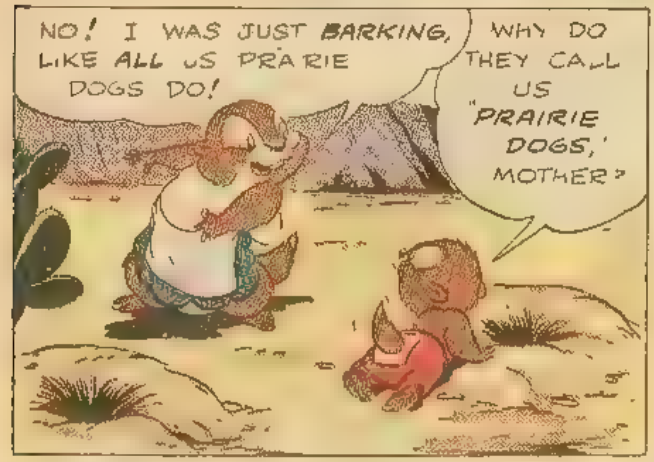


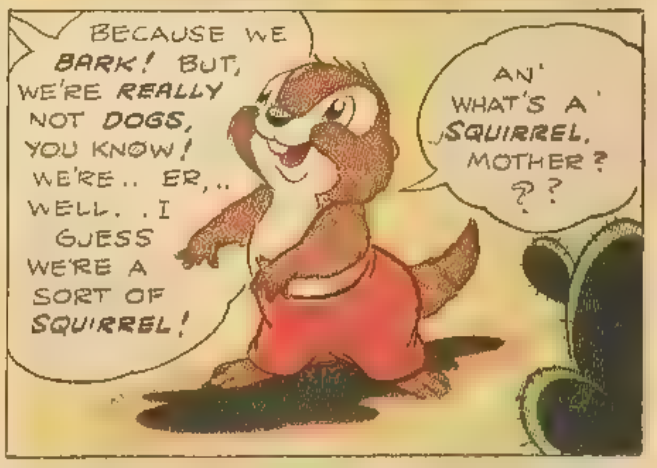


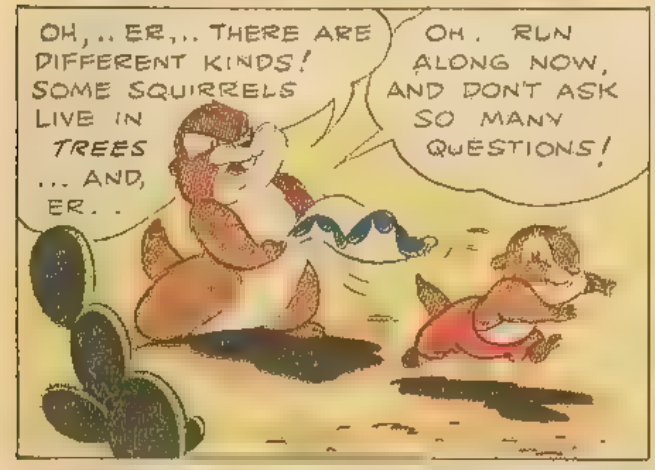


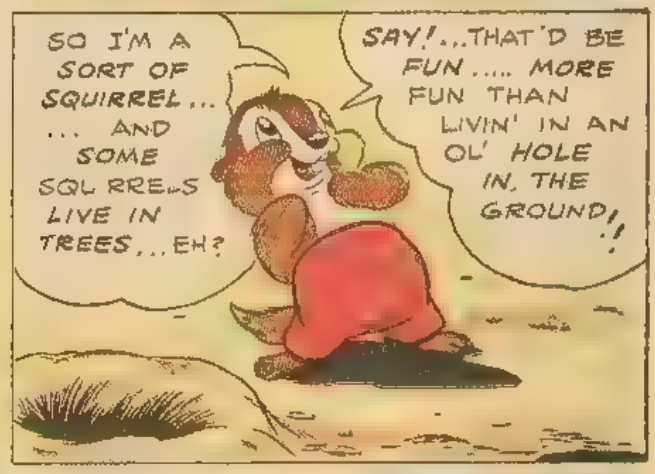
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

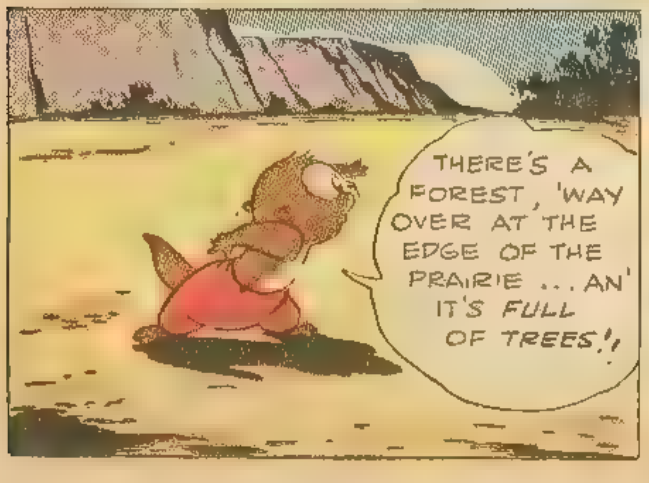

M-G-M CARTOONS present
WUFF, the PRAIRIE DOG
WUFF!!
DID YOU CALL ME, MOTHER?

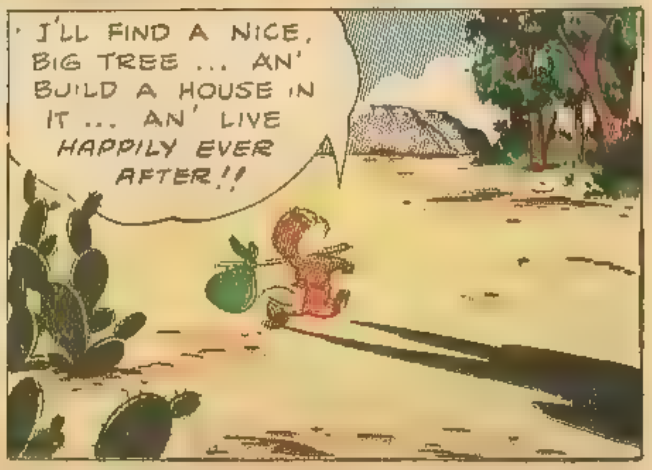

NO! I WAS JUST BARKING, LIKE ALL US PRAIRIE DOGS DO!
WHY DO THEY CALL US "PRAIRIE DOGS," MOTHER?

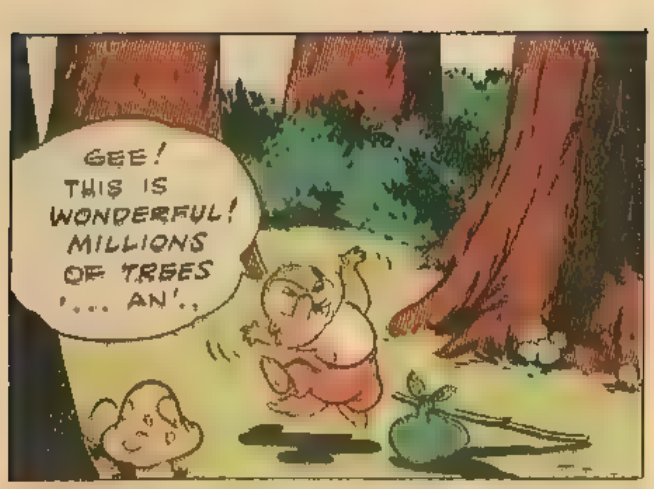

BECAUSE WE BARK! BUT, WE'RE REALLY NOT DOGS, YOU KNOW! WE'RE.. ER,.. WELL. .I GUESS WE'RE A SORT OF SQUIRREL!
AN' WHAT'S A SQUIRREL, MOTHER??

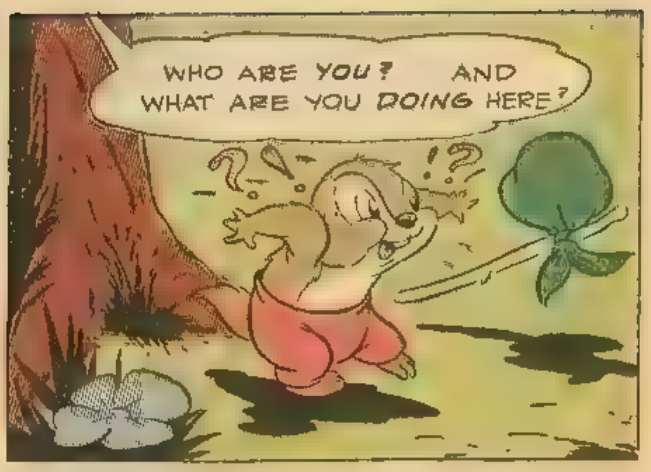

OH,.. ER,.. THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS! SOME SQUIRRELS LIVE IN TREES ... AND, ER..
OH. RUN ALONG NOW, AND DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS!


SO I'M A SORT OF SQUIRREL... ... AND SOME SQUIRRELS LIVE IN TREES... EH?
SAY!...THAT'D BE FUN ..... MORE FUN THAN LIVIN' IN AN OL' HOLE IN THE GROUND!!

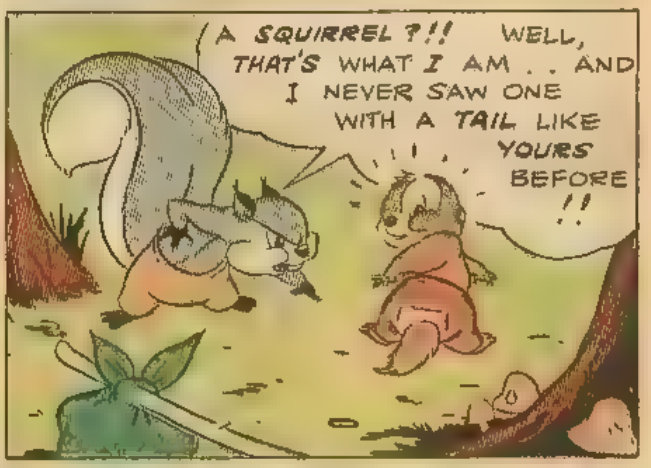

THERE'S A FOREST, 'WAY OVER AT THE EDGE OF THE PRAIRIE ... AN' IT'S FULL OF TREES!!

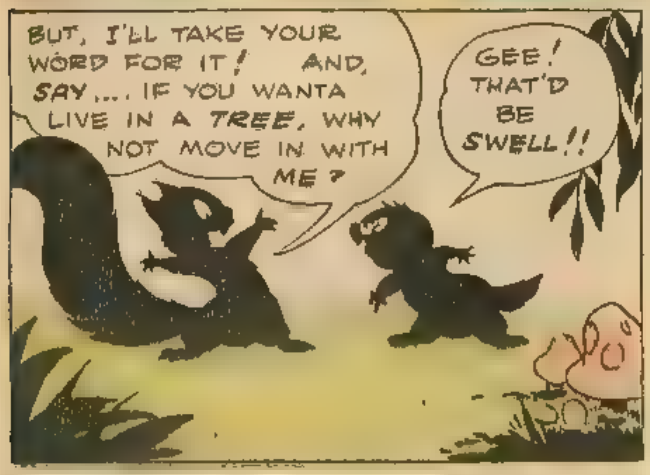

I'LL FIND A NICE, BIG TREE ... AN' BUILD A HOUSE IN IT ... AN' LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!!

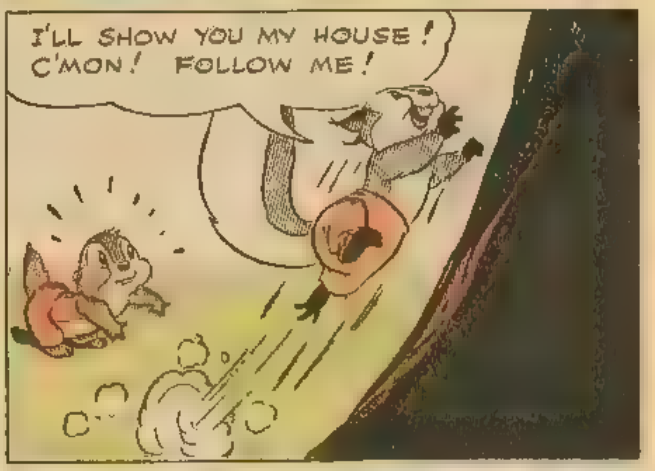

GEE! THIS IS WONDERFUL! MILLIONS OF TREES '.... AN'..

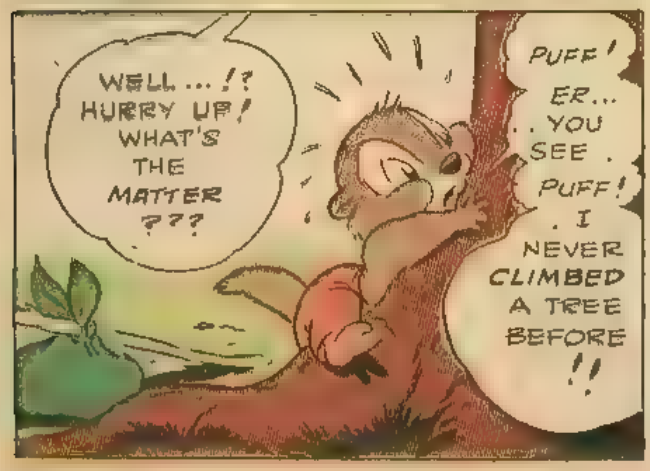

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
?!
!?

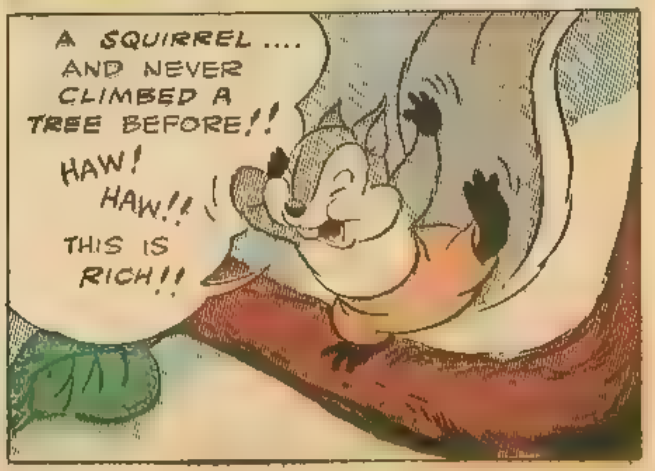
I'M ... ER, ... I'M A SORT OF SQUIRREL! AN' I' CAME HERE TO LIVE IN A TREE IN TH' FOREST!


A SQUIRREL ?!! WELL, THAT'S WHAT I AM . . AND I NEVER SAW ONE WITH A TAIL LIKE YOURS BEFORE !!

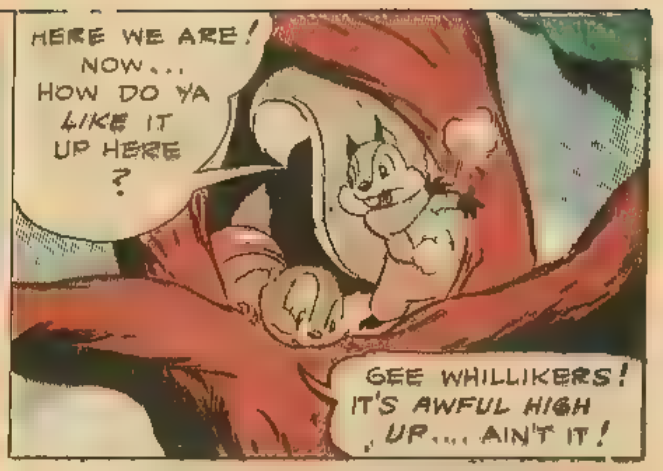

BUT, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT! AND, SAY.... IF YOU WANTA LIVE IN A TREE, WHY NOT MOVE IN WITH ME?
GEE! THAT'D BE SWELL!!

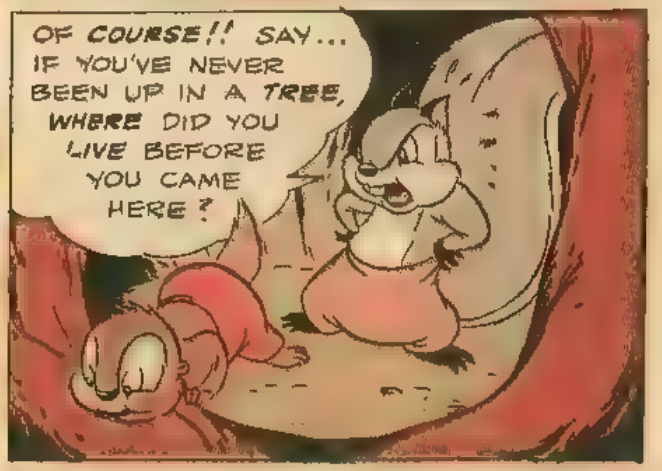

I'LL SHOW YOU MY HOUSE! C'MON! FOLLOW ME!

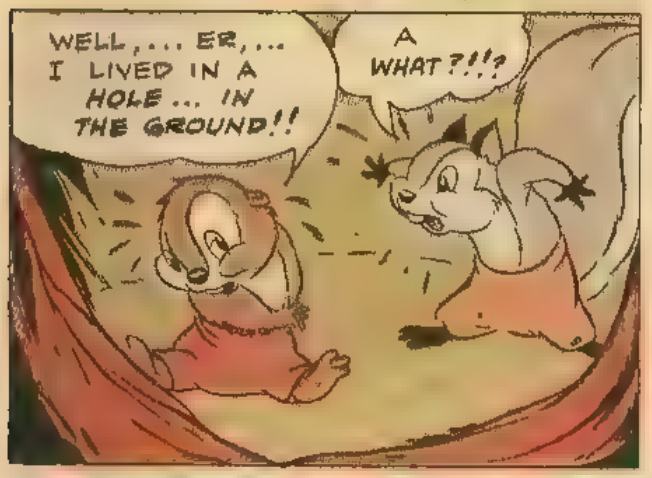

WELL ...!? HURRY UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER ???
PUFF! ER... . . YOU SEE . PUFF! . I NEVER CLIMBED A TREE BEFORE !!

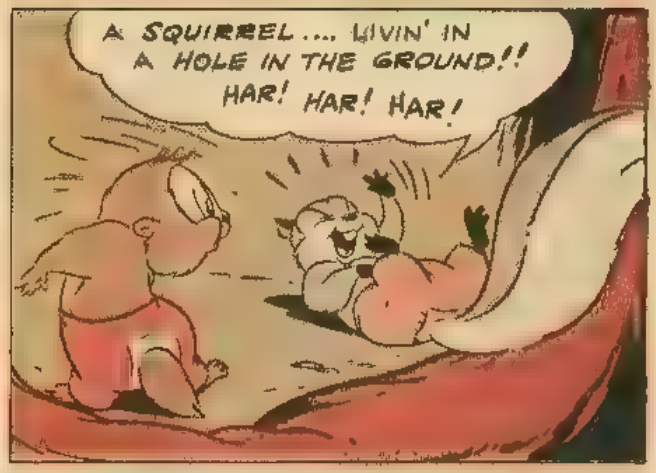

A SQUIRREL .... AND NEVER CLIMBED A TREE BEFORE!!
HAW! HAW!! THIS IS RICH!!

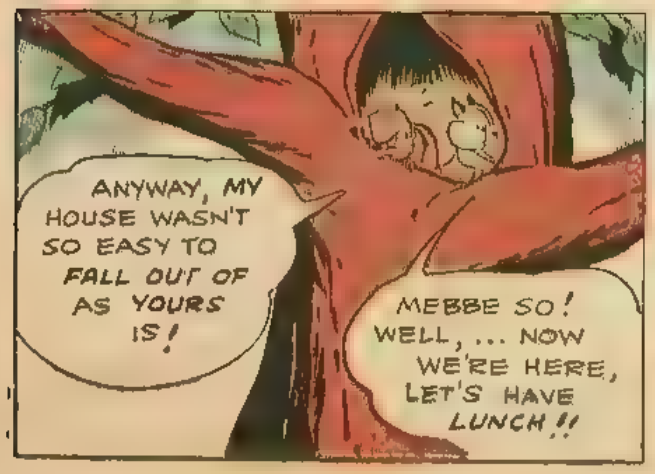
I S'POSE I'LL HAVE TO HELP YOU! I'LL BOOST! YOU HANG ON TO THE BARK AN' KEEP CLIMBIN'!!

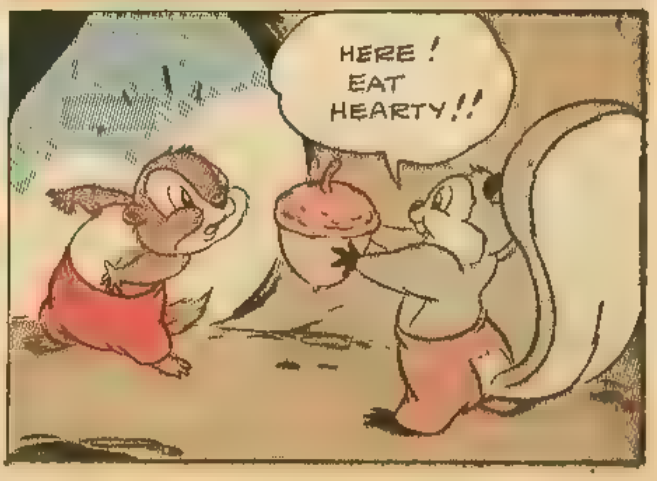

HERE WE ARE! NOW... HOW DO YA LIKE IT UP HERE?
GEE WHILLIKERS! IT'S AWFUL HIGH UP.... AIN'T IT!

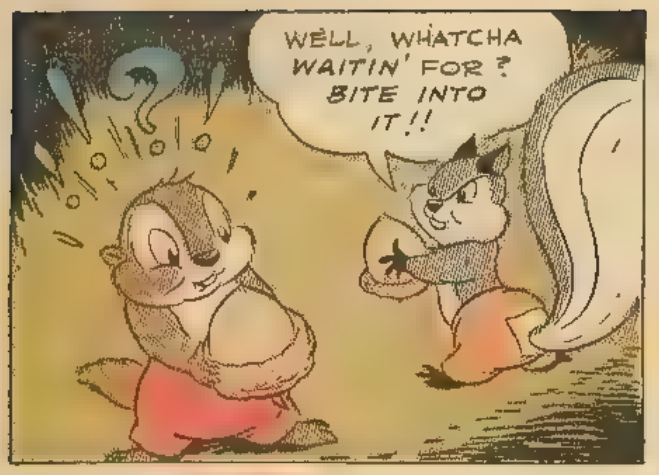

OF COURSE!! SAY... IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN UP IN A TREE, WHERE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE?

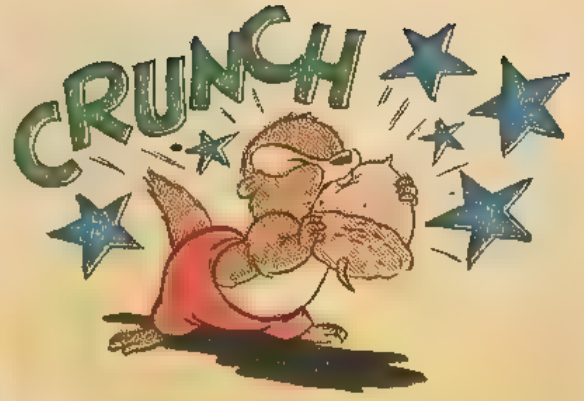

WELL,... ER,... I LIVED IN A HOLE... IN THE GROUND!!
A WHAT?!!?

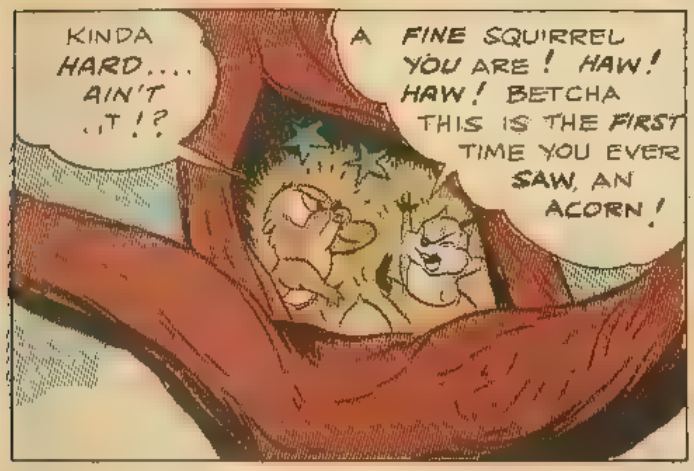

A SQUIRREL.... LIVIN' IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND!! HAR! HAR! HAR!

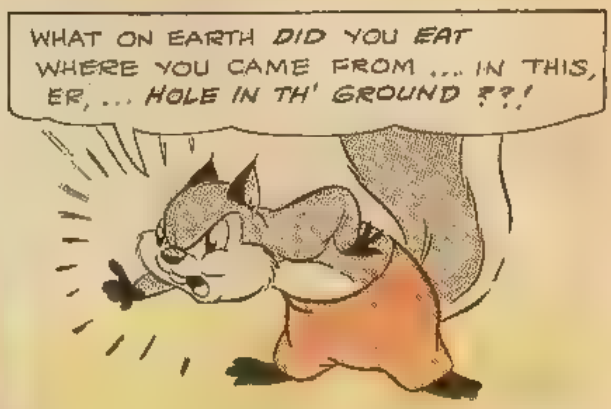

ANYWAY, MY HOUSE WASN'T SO EASY TO FALL OUT OF AS YOURS IS!
MEBBE SO! WELL,... NOW WE'RE HERE, LET'S HAVE LUNCH!!


HERE! EAT HEARTY!!

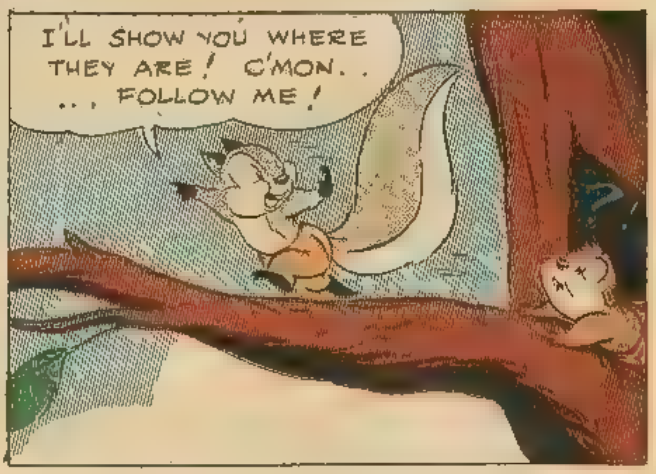

WELL, WHATCHA WAITIN' FOR? BITE INTO IT!!

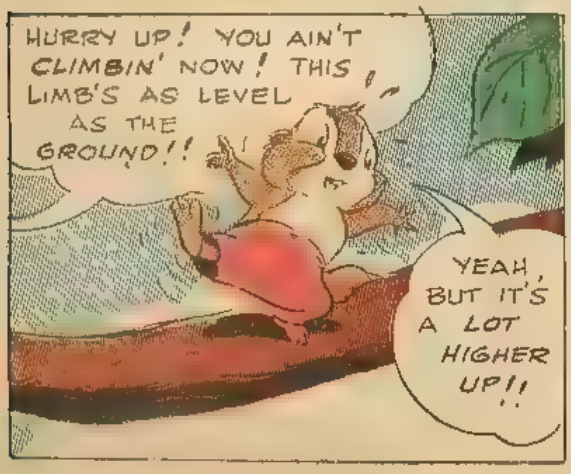

CRUNCH

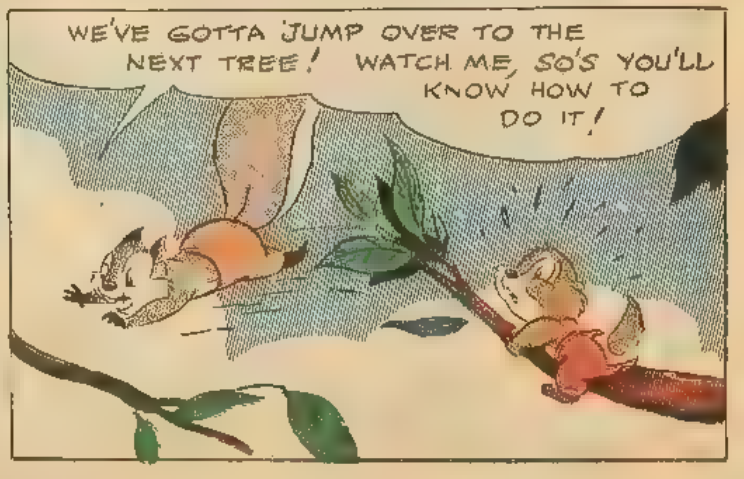

KINDA HARD.... AIN'T IT!?
A FINE SQUIRREL YOU ARE! HAW! HAW! BETCHA THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER SAW AN ACORN!

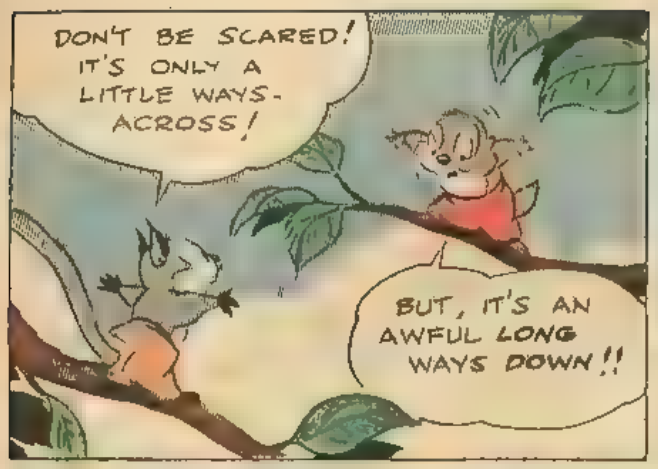

WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU EAT WHERE YOU CAME FROM ... IN THIS, ER, ... HOLE IN TH' GROUND ??!

WE NEVER SAW ANY ACORNS OUT ON THE PRAIRIE! WE ATE ROOTS .... AN GRASS SEEDS.. AN' ONCE IN A WHILE SOME BERRIES, AN' ..
BERRIES? I LIKE 'EM, TOO.. .. AN' I KNOW WHERE THERE'S BUSHELS OF 'EM!

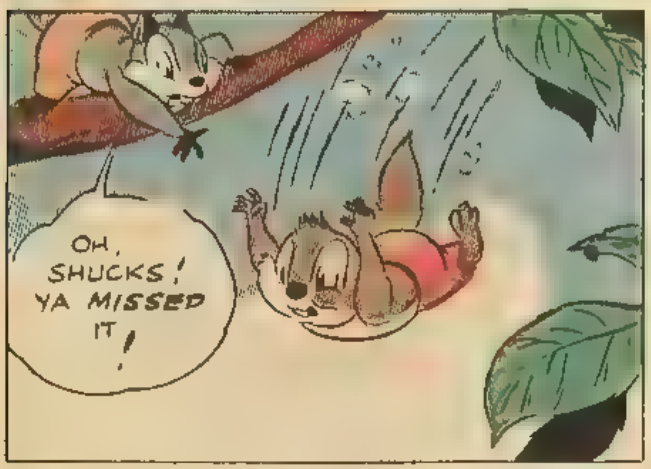

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE! C'MON.. .., FOLLOW ME!

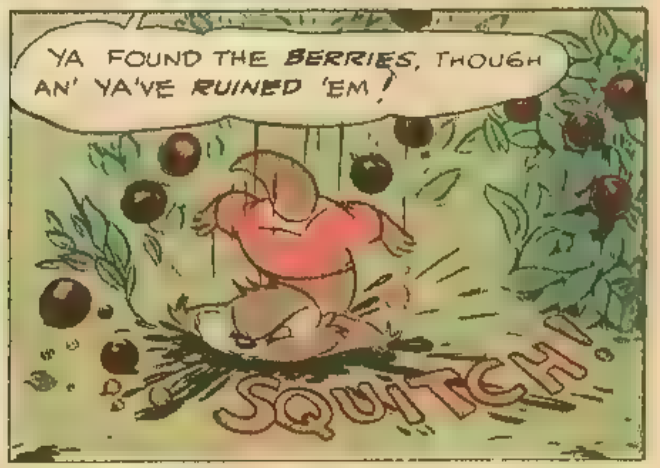

HURRY UP! YOU AIN'T CLIMBIN' NOW! THIS LIMB'S AS LEVEL AS THE GROUND!!
YEAH, BUT IT'S A LOT HIGHER UP!!

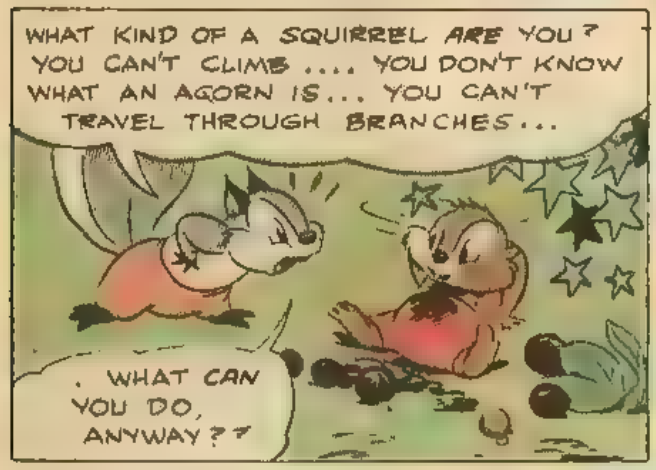

WE'VE GOTTA JUMP OVER TO THE NEXT TREE! WATCH ME, SO'S YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

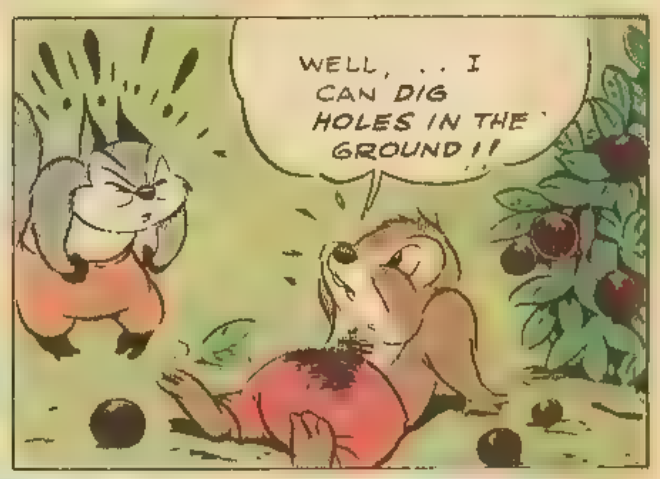

DON'T BE SCARED! IT'S ONLY A LITTLE WAYS-ACROSS!
BUT, IT'S AN AWFUL LONG WAYS DOWN!!

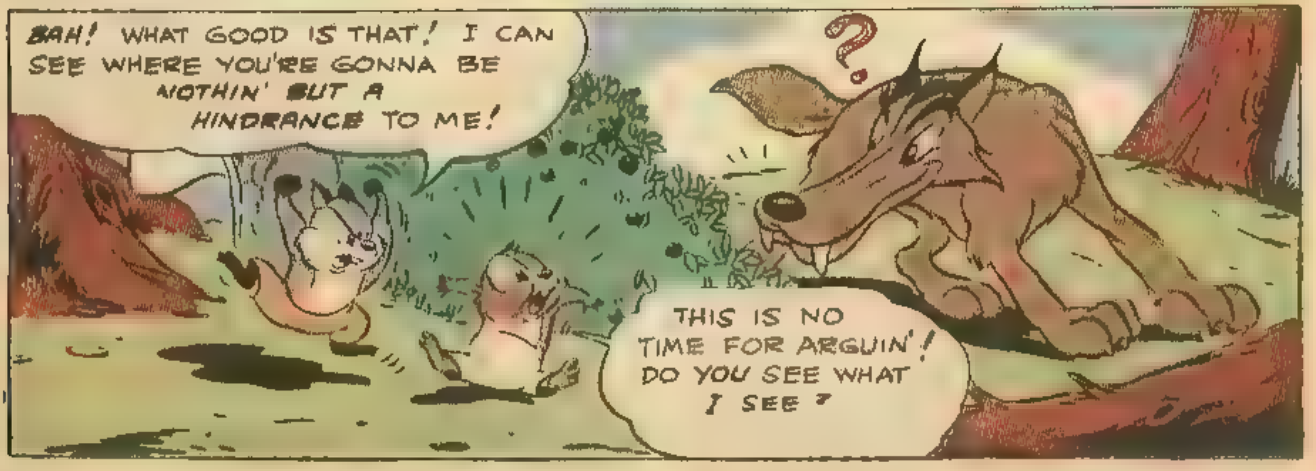
HERE I COME . READY OR NOT!


OH, SHUCKS! YA MISSED IT!


YA FOUND THE BERRIES, THOUGH AN' YA'VE RUINED 'EM!
SQUITCH!

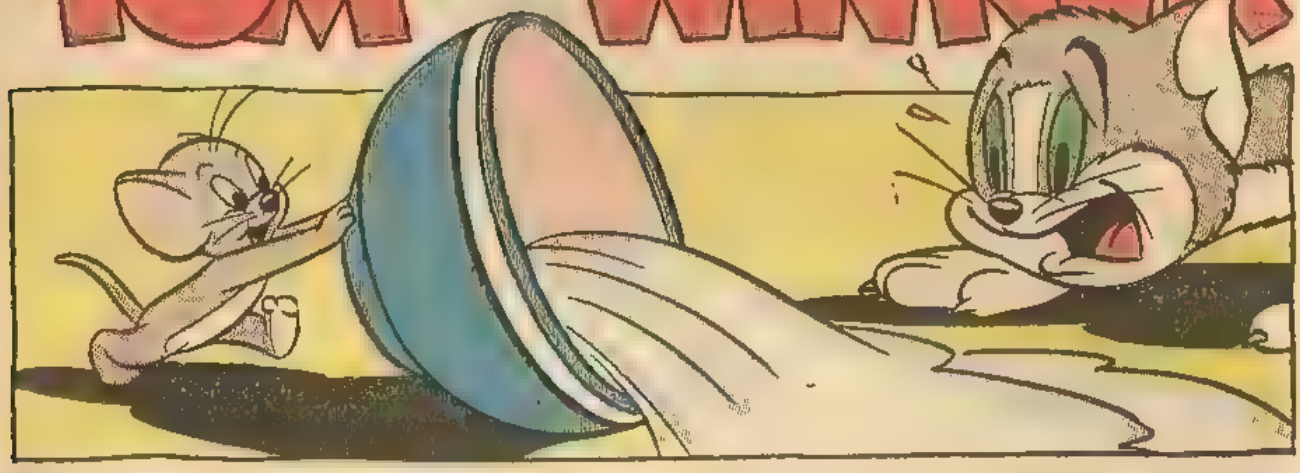

WHAT KIND OF A SQUIRREL ARE YOU? YOU CAN'T CLIMB .... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT AN ACORN IS... YOU CAN'T TRAVEL THROUGH BRANCHES...
. WHAT CAN YOU DO, ANYWAY??


WELL, .. I CAN DIG HOLES IN THE GROUND!!


BAH! WHAT GOOD IS THAT! I CAN SEE WHERE YOU'RE GONNA BE NOTHIN' BUT A HINDRANCE TO ME!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR ARGUIN'! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

TOM the WINNER



It had been a wild and exciting day for Tom and Jerry. From early morning until late evening they had battled furiously.

The trouble had begun when Tom had insisted that he was the boss.

"I'm the biggest and the smartest!" he had declared again and again. "So, naturally, I'm the boss!"

"You are not!" little Jerry had cried vehemently each time and had yanked Tom's whiskers or pulled Tom's tail.

But Jerry had won the final victory of the day by tipping over Tom's bedtime bowl of milk. Then, before Tom could grab him, he had darted into his little house in the baseboard and barred the door.

"I'll get even with you if it takes all my nine lives!" Tom had hissed through the small, closed door. "Our friendship is over, forever! I'll show you who's boss around here!"

Now the day was ended and the house was dark and quiet. Tom was asleep in his bed in the kitchen. Jerry was slumbering peacefully in his cozy little house behind the safety of the barred door.

Suddenly Jerry wakened with a start. There was a sharp scratching on the door, and Jerry heard a low, shrill whisper.

"Let me in, Jerry! Quick!" It was the voice of his cousin, Molly, who lived in the house next door.

Jerry jumped out of bed and opened the door.

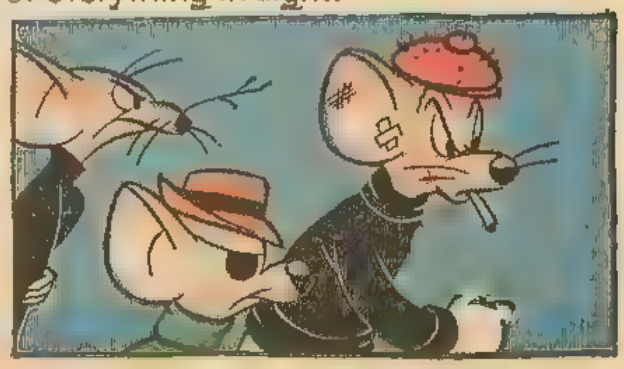
"I've got bad news!" Molly gasped excitedly. "The Fiendish Fields are trying to break into this house!"

"How do you know?" Jerry gulped, his small body taut with fright.

"I couldn't sleep, so I slipped out for a little air. I saw them and heard them talking," Molly explained breathlessly. "They're trying to dig a hole through the cellar wall beside the window frame. They said they were going to move in here to stay! I hurried through our secret entrance to warn you."

"Gosh!" Jerry choked. "What'll we do?"

The Fiendish Fields were wild, lawless field mice who lived in the open country at the edge of the town. They were daring and reckless and strong. When they moved into a house, they brought chaos and havoc and ruin with them. They always drove out all the peaceful city mice and took possession of everything in sight.



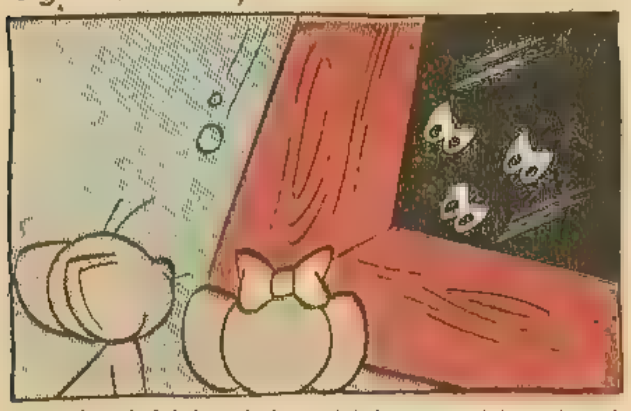
"Let's go and see what they're doing," Jerry whispered finally.

Noiselessly he and Molly crept down the cellar steps. They stood still, listening. They could hear the scratching of sharp claws on the outside cellar wall. Powdery crumbs of cement were sifting down from the edge of the window frame where the Fiendish Fields were working.

"They'll soon dig a hole and come leaping in here," Jerry groaned. "We've got to do something! But what? We can't fight that whole tribe!"

"Why don't you ask Tom to help? He'll drive 'em away!" Molly suggested quickly.

For a moment Jerry's eyes brightened with hope. Then they grew dull again. Tom had vowed to get even with him! Their friendship was ended! Oh, how Jerry regretted that overturned bowl of milk. Tom might forgive him for other things, but not for that. Jerry sighed dismally.



Clunk! Plop! A pebble-sized hunk of concrete dropped on the cellar floor. Jerry could see the tip of a pointed claw in a tiny hole beside the window frame. In another few minutes the hole would be large enough for the Fiendish Fields to slip through into the cellar.

He couldn't wait any longer! He'd have to ask Tom for help!

"You run home, Molly, so you won't get hurt. I'll call Tom," he cried.

He dashed up the stairs to the kitchen and crept across the floor to the sleeping Tom. With a trembling finger he gently touched Tom's face.

"Tom!" he whispered. "Wake up, Tom!"

Tom's green eyes opened. He glared at the quivering Jerry. Then one paw shot forward and grabbed Jerry.

"You won't get away this time!" Tom grated. "I'll make you pay and pay!"

"I'll pay!" Jerry choked. "But please listen, Tom! The Fiendish Fields are breaking into the cellar. They'll swarm all over the house! They'll drive me out! Please stop 'em!"

"The Fiendish Fields!" Tom exclaimed. "Where are they?"

Quickly Jerry told him. "You've got to drive 'em away, Tom!"

Tom's glinting eyes narrowed. "Who's boss here?" he asked sternly.

"You are, Tom!" Jerry quavered.

"Who has to obey the boss?" Tom's voice was harsh.

"I do," Jerry muttered meekly.

"Do you promise to do everything I say from now on?" Tom demanded.

"I promise!" Jerry nodded solemnly.

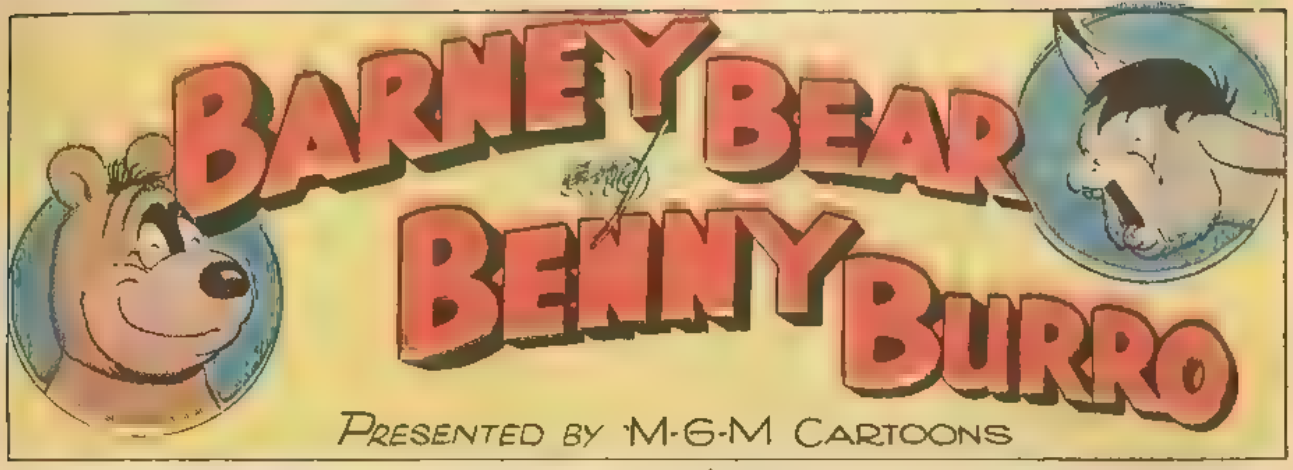
"Okay!" Tom cried and leaped to his feet. He dashed outdoors through his own little panel in the big kitchen door.

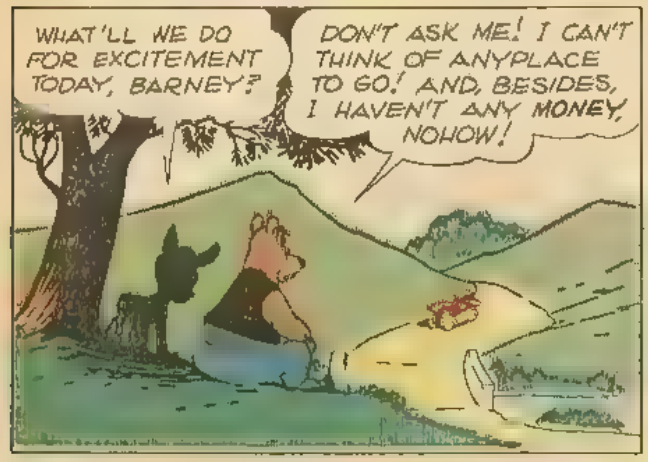
For the next few minutes the night was filled with sputtering hisses, blood-tingling snarls and scurrying footsteps. Then all was quiet.

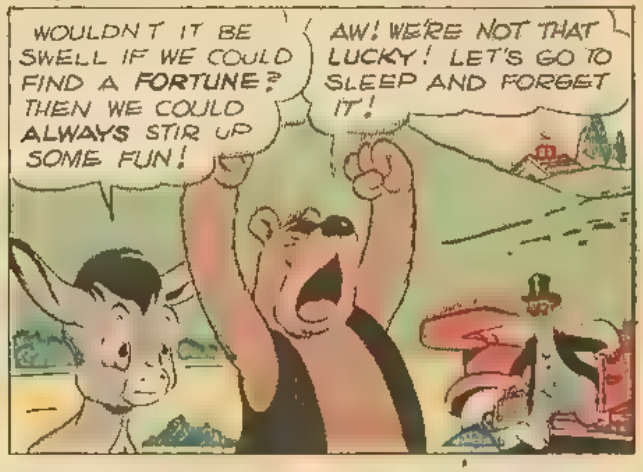
Tom returned, his green eyes shining with proud triumph.

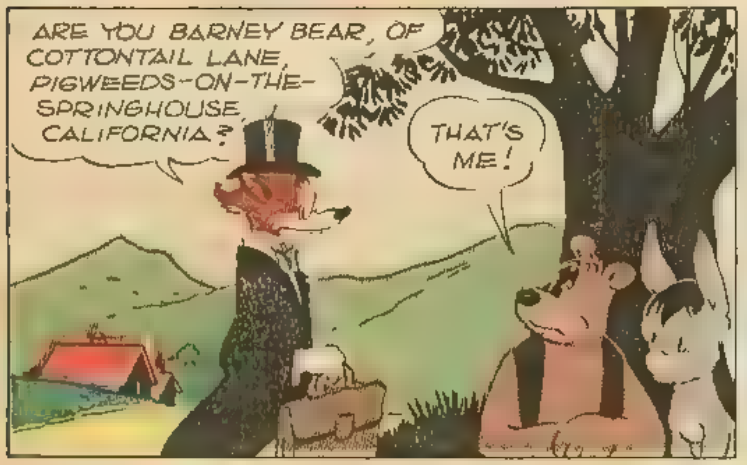
"They've gone!" he told the still-trembling Jerry. "Now you go to bed. And remember your promise!"

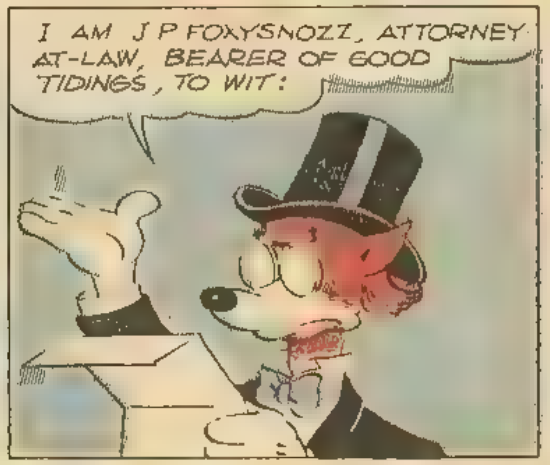
Jerry remembered. The next day was filled with peace and quiet. And, as he rushed around, obeying Tom's orders, Jerry comforted himself with the thought that it was better to have Tom for a boss than to have the Fiendish Fields.

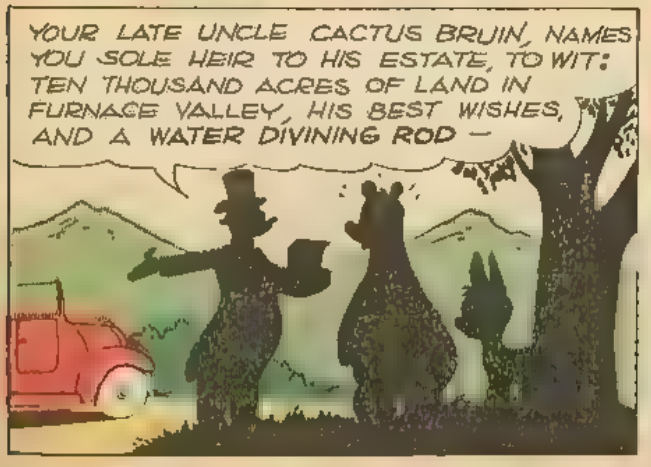

BARNEY BEAR
BENNY BURRO
PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

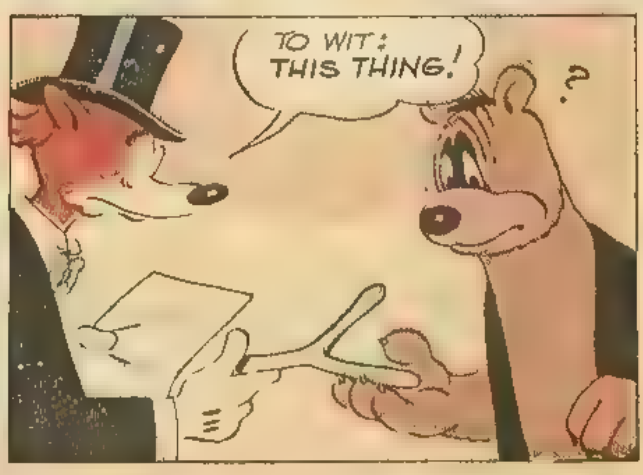

WHAT'LL WE DO FOR EXCITEMENT TODAY, BARNEY?
DON'T ASK ME! I CAN'T THINK OF ANYPLACE TO GO! AND, BESIDES, I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, NOHOW!

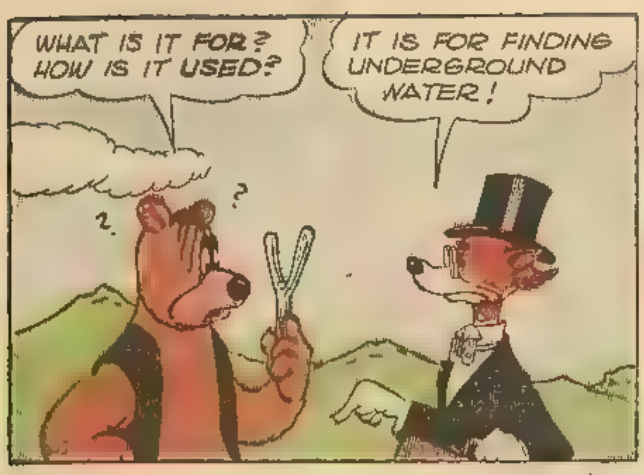

WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF WE COULD FIND A FORTUNE? THEN WE COULD ALWAYS STIR UP SOME FUN!
AW! WE'RE NOT THAT LUCKY! LET'S GO TO SLEEP AND FORGET IT!

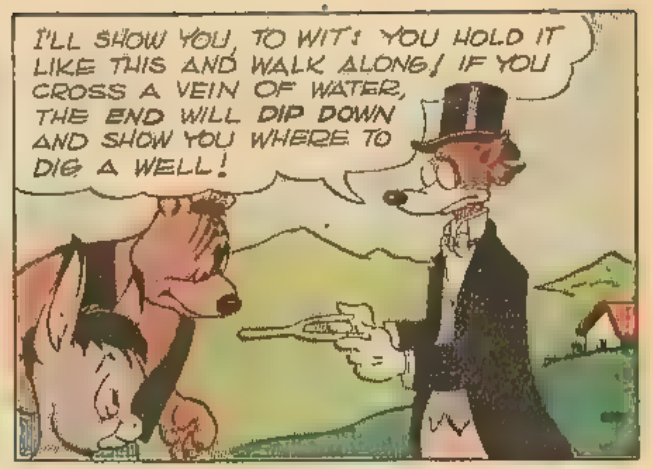

ARE YOU BARNEY BEAR, OF COTTONTAIL LANE, PIGWEEDS-ON-THE-SPRINGHOUSE, CALIFORNIA?
THAT'S ME!

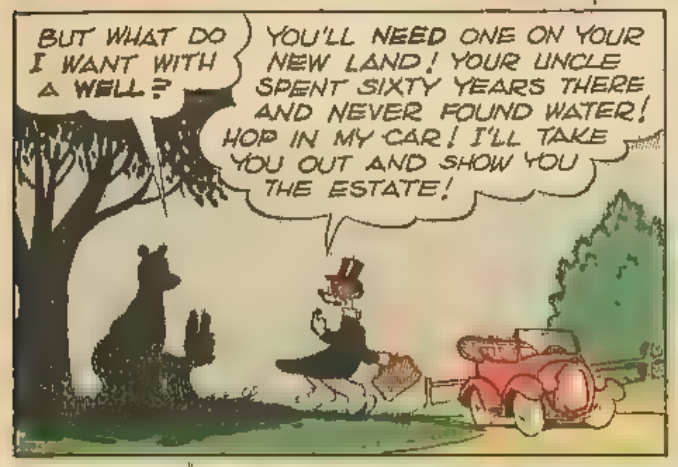

I AM J P FOXYSNOZZ, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, BEARER OF GOOD TIDINGS, TO WIT:

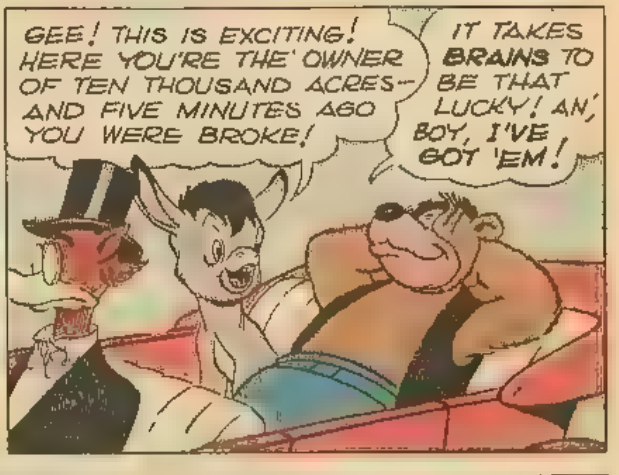

YOUR LATE UNCLE CACTUS BRUIN, NAMES YOU SOLE HEIR TO HIS ESTATE, TO WIT: TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND IN FURNACE VALLEY, HIS BEST WISHES, AND A WATER DIVINING ROD —

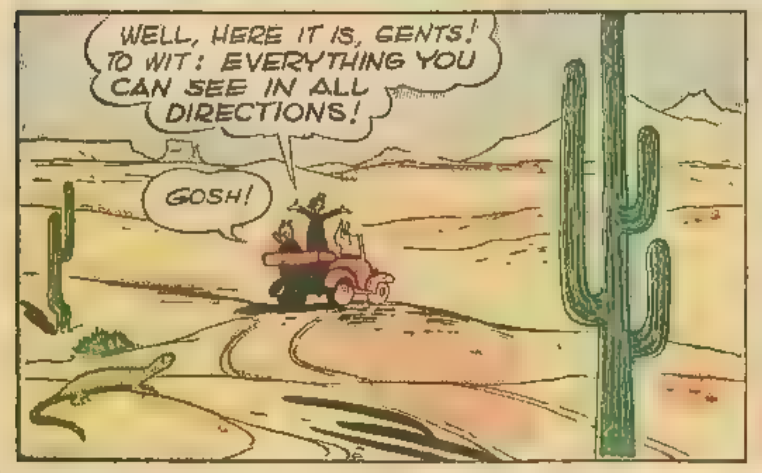

TO WIT: THIS THING!
?

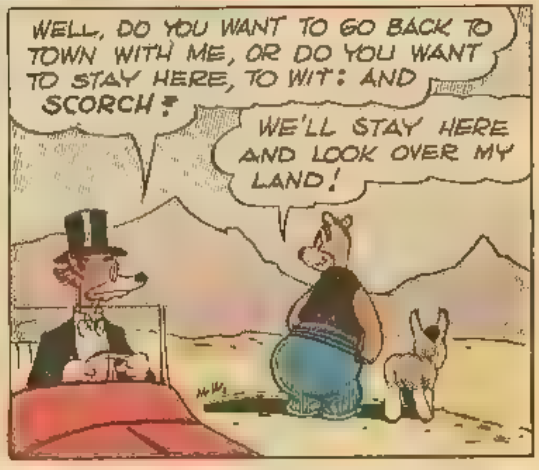

WHAT IS IT FOR? HOW IS IT USED?
IT IS FOR FINDING UNDERGROUND WATER!

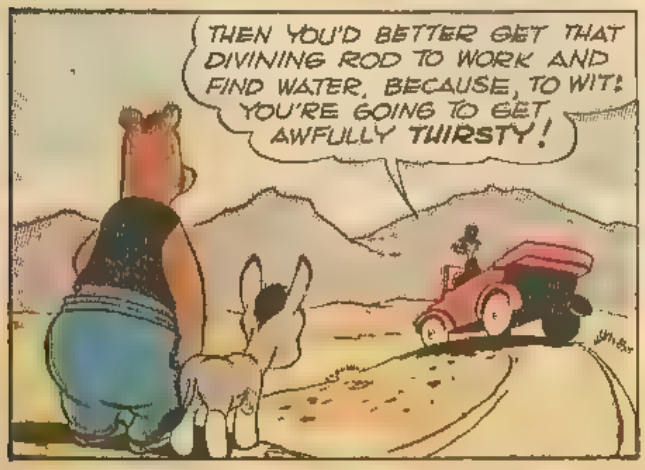

I'LL SHOW YOU, TO WIT: YOU HOLD IT LIKE THIS AND WALK ALONG! IF YOU CROSS A VEIN OF WATER, THE END WILL DIP DOWN AND SHOW YOU WHERE TO DIG A WELL!

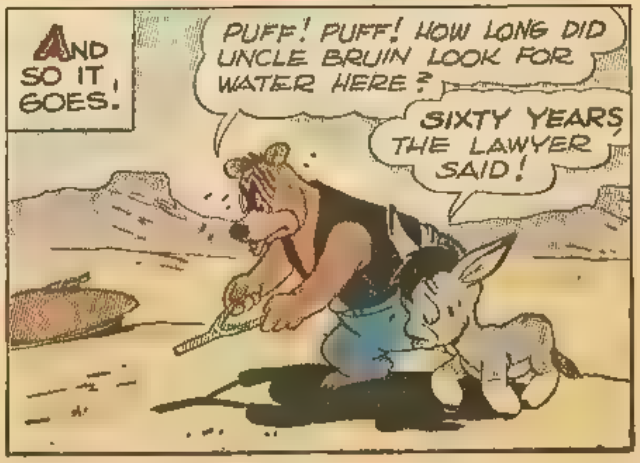

BUT WHAT DO I WANT WITH A WELL?
YOU'LL NEED ONE ON YOUR NEW LAND! YOUR UNCLE SPENT SIXTY YEARS THERE AND NEVER FOUND WATER! HOP IN MY CAR! I'LL TAKE YOU OUT AND SHOW YOU THE ESTATE!


GEE! THIS IS EXCITING! HERE YOU'RE THE OWNER OF TEN THOUSAND ACRES-- AND FIVE MINUTES AGO YOU WERE BROKE!
IT TAKES BRAINS TO BE THAT LUCKY! AN', BOY, I'VE GOT 'EM!

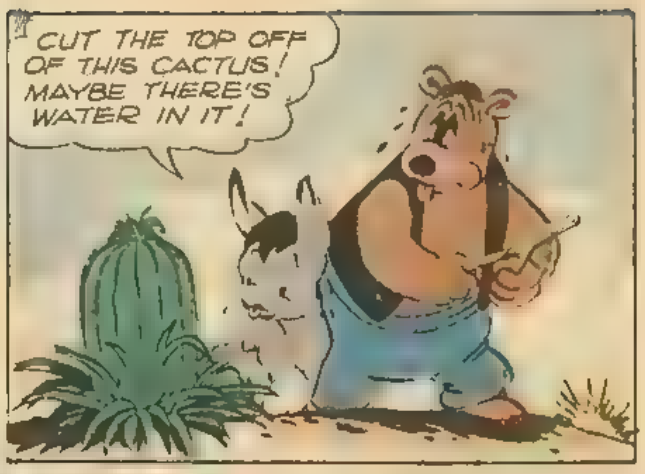

WELL, HERE IT IS, GENTS! TO WIT: EVERYTHING YOU CAN SEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
GOSH!

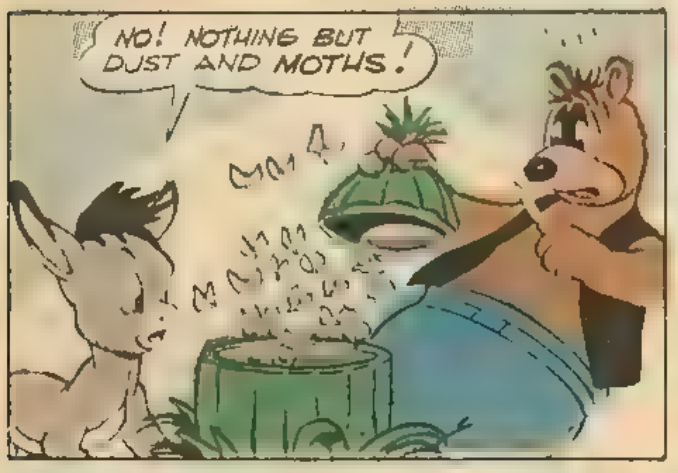

WELL, DO YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO TOWN WITH ME, OR DO YOU WANT TO STAY HERE, TO WIT: AND SCORCH?
WE'LL STAY HERE AND LOOK OVER MY LAND!


THEN YOU'D BETTER GET THAT DIVINING ROD TO WORK AND FIND WATER, BECAUSE, TO WIT: YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWFULLY THIRSTY!

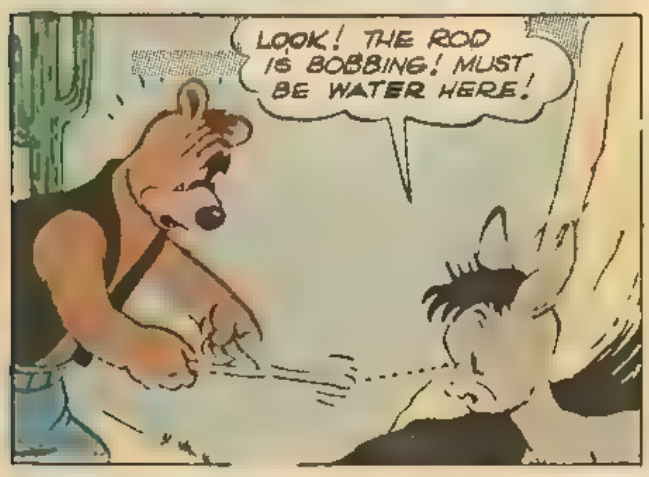

AND SO IT GOES.
PUFF! PUFF! HOW LONG DID UNCLE BRUIN LOOK FOR WATER HERE?
SIXTY YEARS, THE LAWYER SAID!

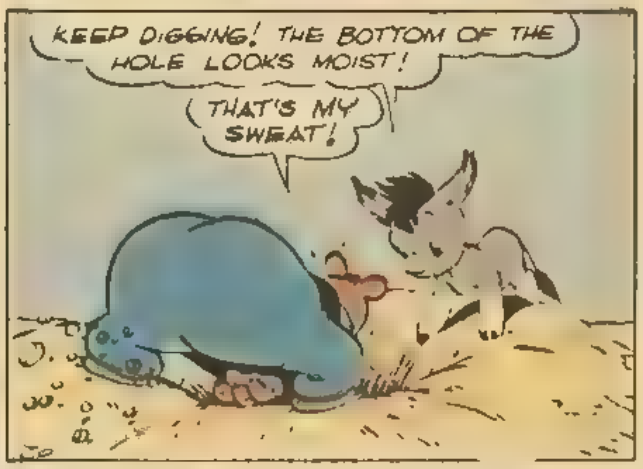
WE SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK WITH THE LAWYER! THIS IS AWFUL.
MY TONGUE IS CRACKING.

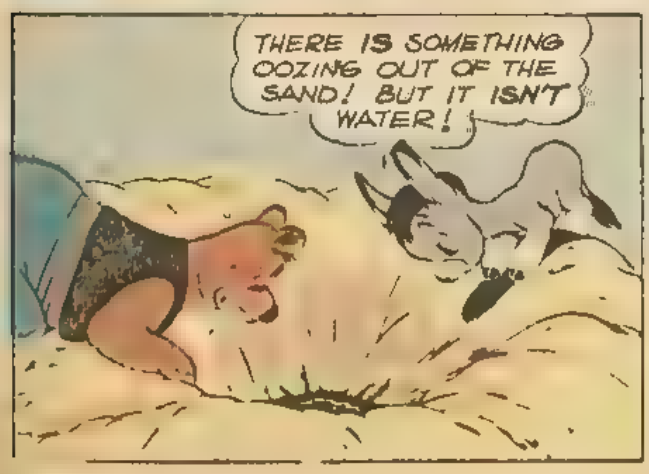

CUT THE TOP OFF OF THIS CACTUS! MAYBE THERE'S WATER IN IT!

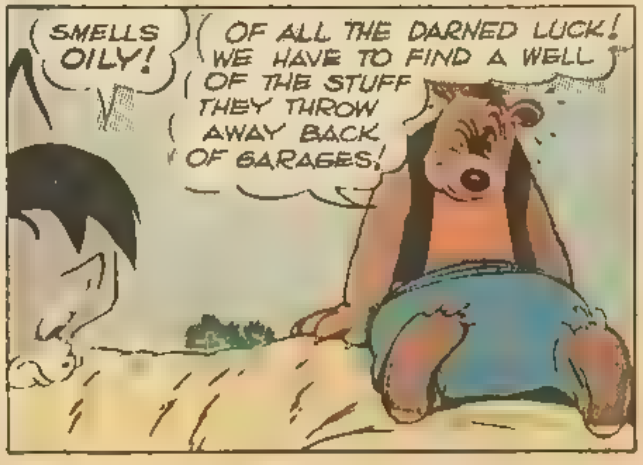

NO! NOTHING BUT DUST AND MOTHS!

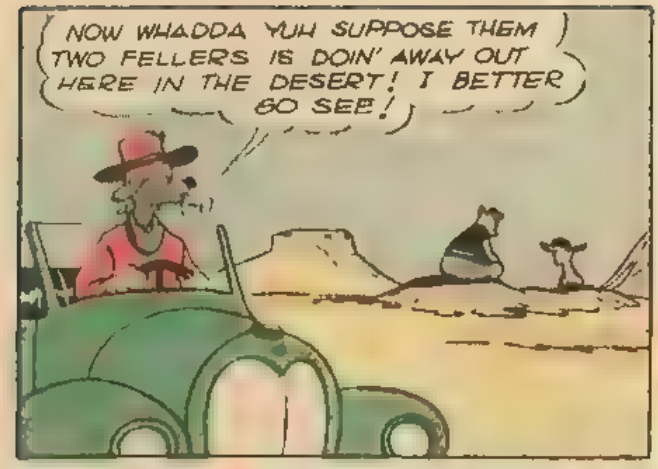
LATER
WE MUST BE ALMOST TO THE OTHER SIDE OF MY LAND, AND THIS ROD HASN'T FOUND WATER YET.
GASP! GASP!

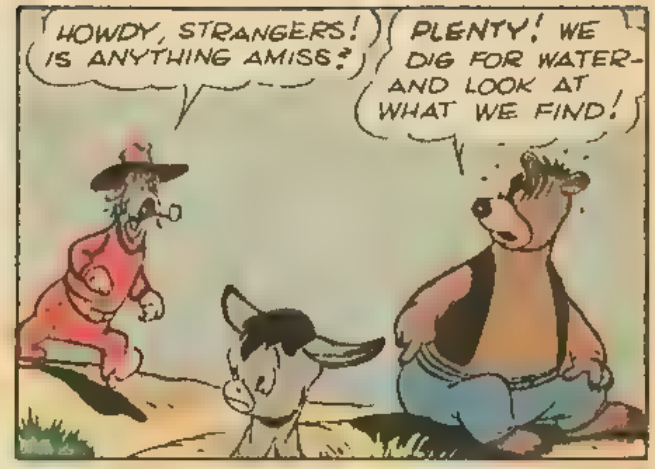

LOOK! THE ROD IS BOBBING! MUST BE WATER HERE!

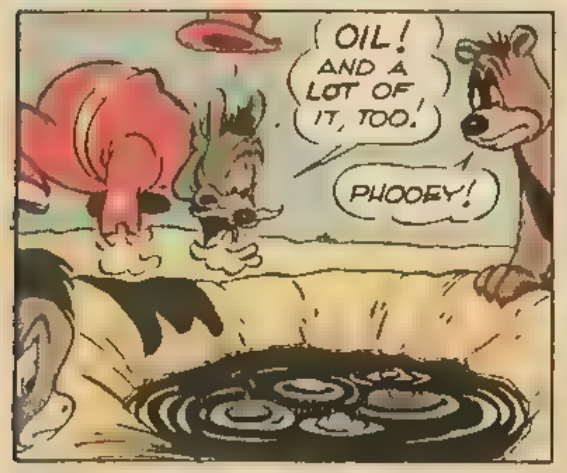

KEEP DIGGING! THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE LOOKS MOIST!
THAT'S MY SWEAT!

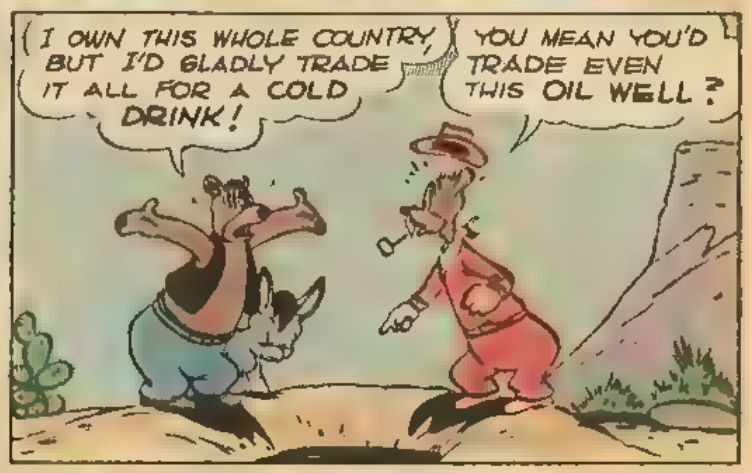

THERE IS SOMETHING OOZING OUT OF THE SAND! BUT IT ISN'T WATER!

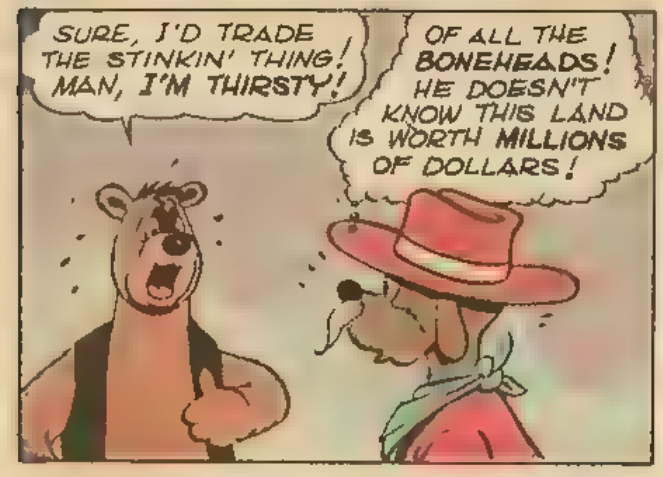

SMELLS OILY!
OF ALL THE DARNED LUCK! WE HAVE TO FIND A WELL OF THE STUFF THEY THROW AWAY BACK OF GARAGES!

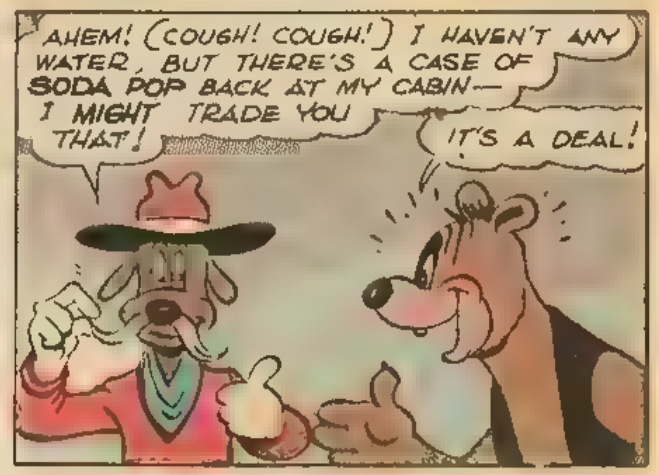

NOW WHADDA YUH SUPPOSE THEM TWO FELLERS IS DOIN' AWAY OUT HERE IN THE DESERT! I BETTER GO SEE!

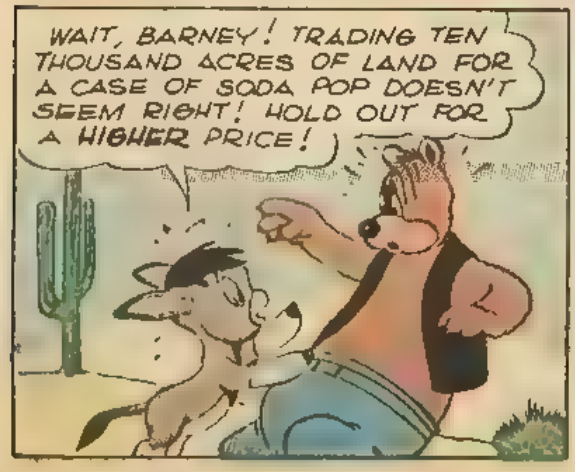

HOWDY, STRANGERS! IS ANYTHING AMISS?
PLENTY! WE DIG FOR WATER- AND LOOK AT WHAT WE FIND!

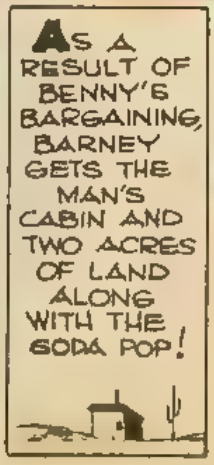

OIL! AND A LOT OF IT, TOO!
PHOOEY!

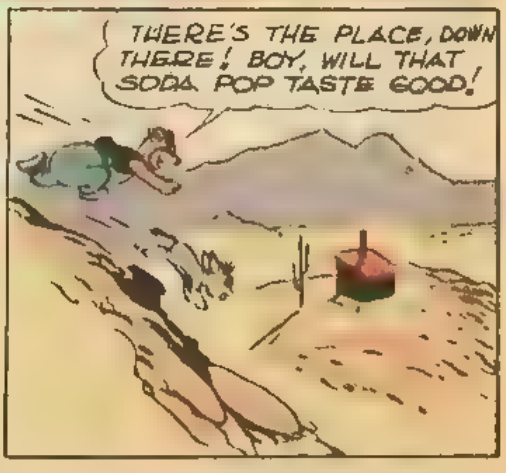

I OWN THIS WHOLE COUNTRY, BUT I'D GLADLY TRADE IT ALL FOR A COLD DRINK!
YOU MEAN YOU'D TRADE EVEN THIS OIL WELL?

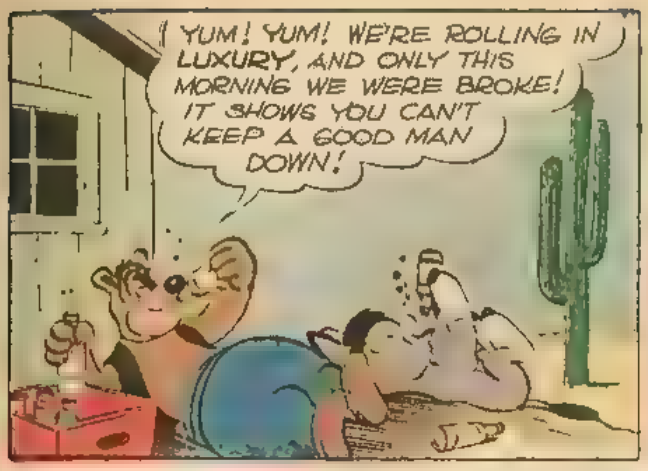

SURE, I'D TRADE THE STINKIN' THING! MAN, I'M THIRSTY!
OF ALL THE BONEHEADS! HE DOESN'T KNOW THIS LAND IS WORTH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

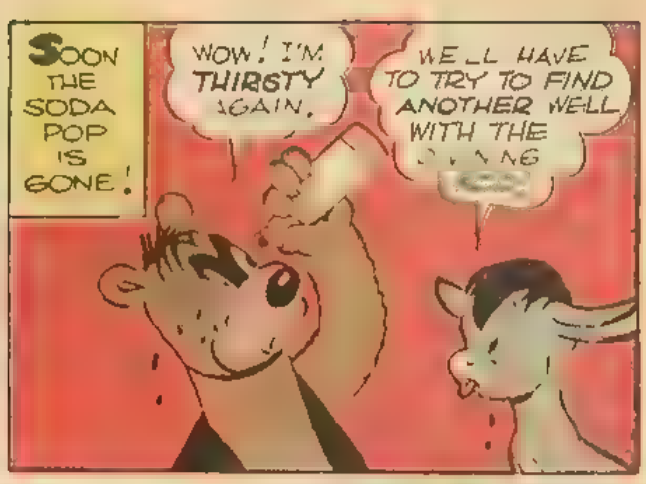

AHEM! (COUGH! COUGH!) I HAVEN'T ANY WATER, BUT THERE'S A CASE OF SODA POP BACK AT MY CABIN— I MIGHT TRADE YOU THAT!
IT'S A DEAL!

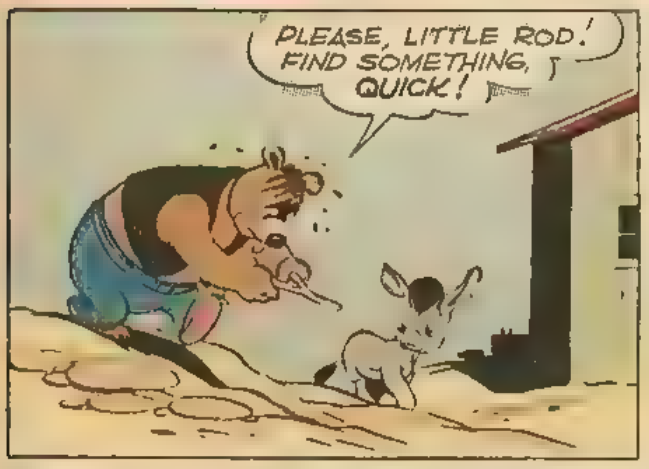

WAIT, BARNEY! TRADING TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND FOR A CASE OF SODA POP DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT! HOLD OUT FOR A HIGHER PRICE!

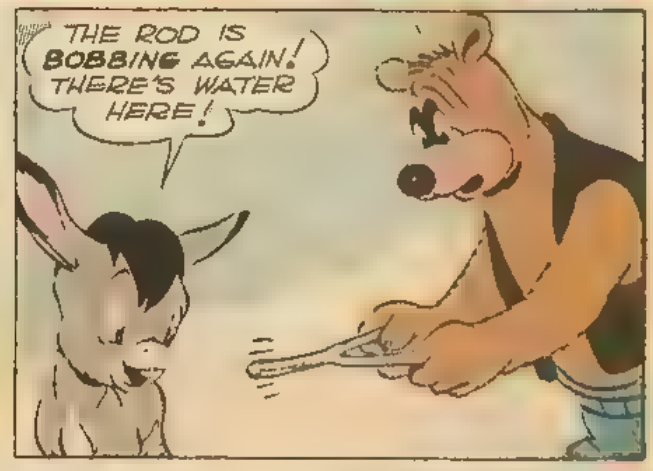

AS A RESULT OF BENNY'S BARGAINING, BARNEY GETS THE MAN'S CABIN AND TWO ACRES OF LAND ALONG WITH THE SODA POP!

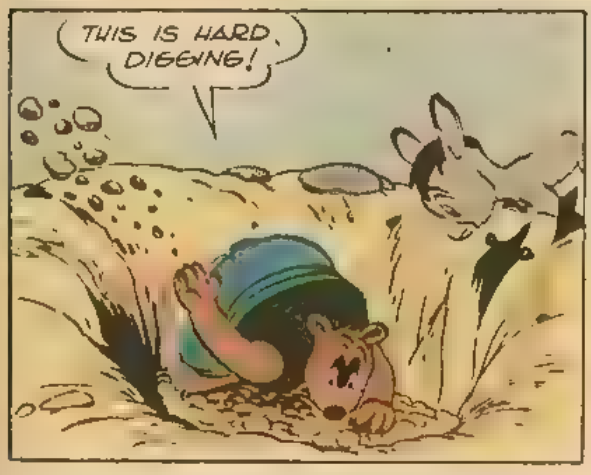

THERE'S THE PLACE, DOWN THERE! BOY, WILL THAT SODA POP TASTE GOOD!

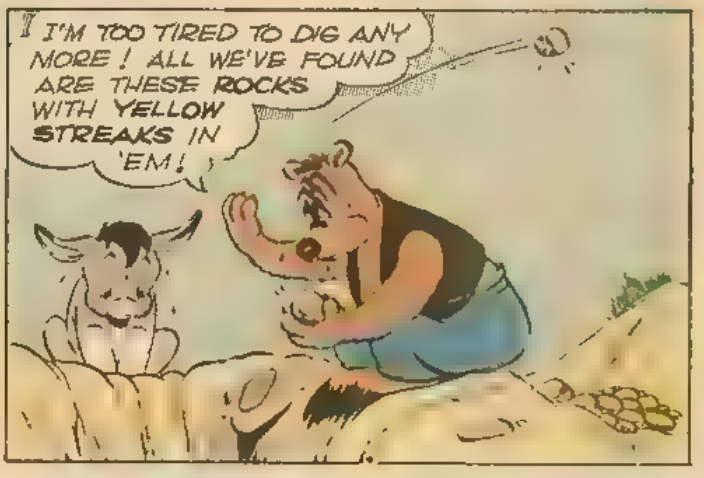

YUM! YUM! WE'RE ROLLING IN LUXURY, AND ONLY THIS MORNING WE WERE BROKE! IT SHOWS YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN!

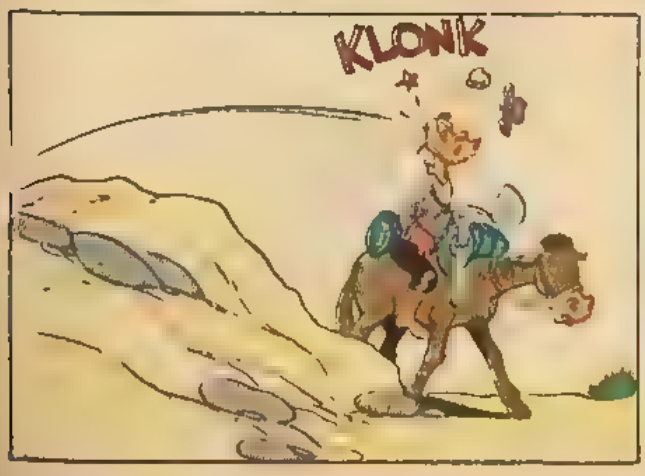

SOON THE SODA POP IS GONE!
WOW! I'M THIRSTY AGAIN.
WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO FIND ANOTHER WELL WITH THE

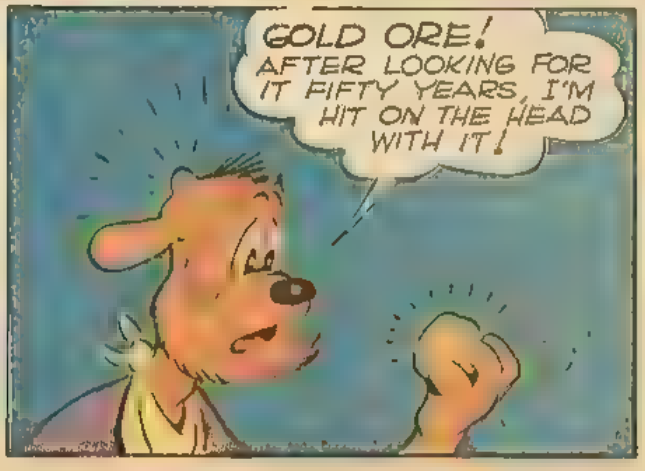

PLEASE, LITTLE ROD! FIND SOMETHING, QUICK!

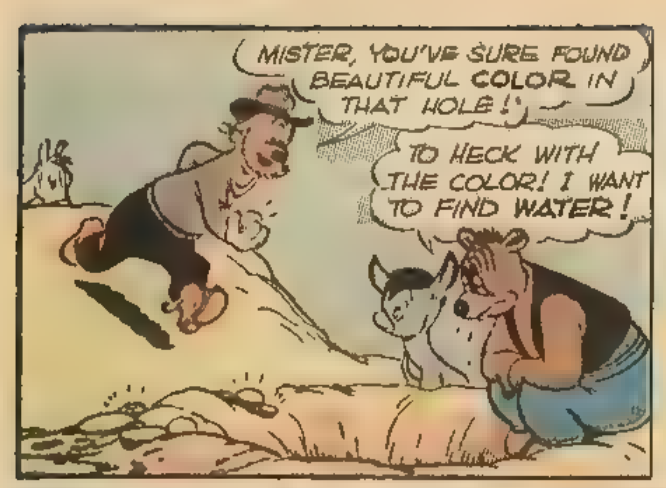

THE ROD IS BOBBING AGAIN! THERE'S WATER HERE!

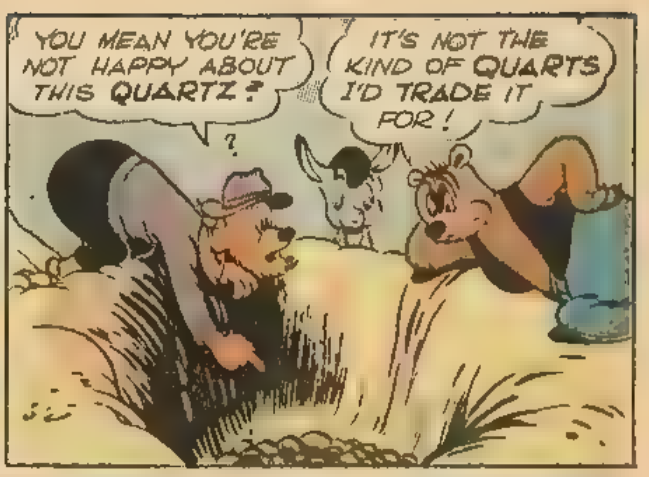

THIS IS HARD DIGGING!

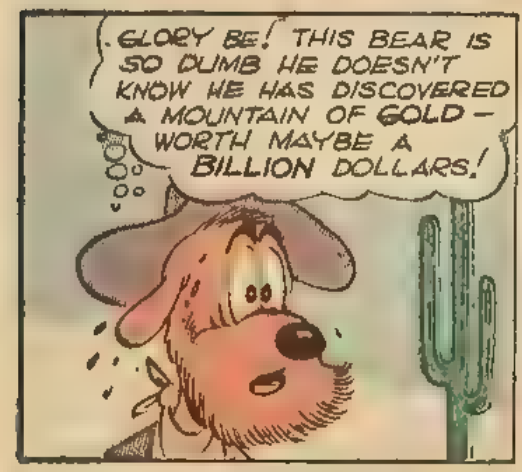

I'M TOO TIRED TO DIG ANY MORE! ALL WE'VE FOUND ARE THESE ROCKS WITH YELLOW STREAKS IN 'EM!


KLONK

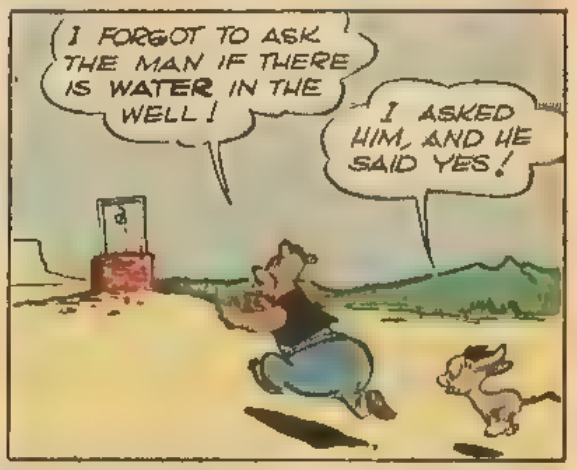

GOLD ORE! AFTER LOOKING FOR IT FIFTY YEARS, I'M HIT ON THE HEAD WITH IT!

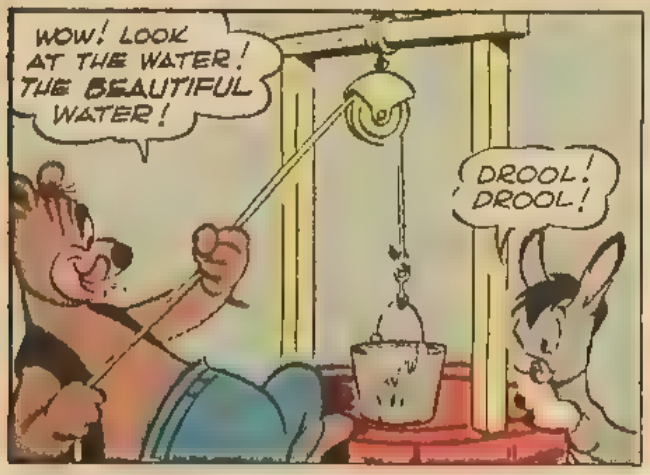


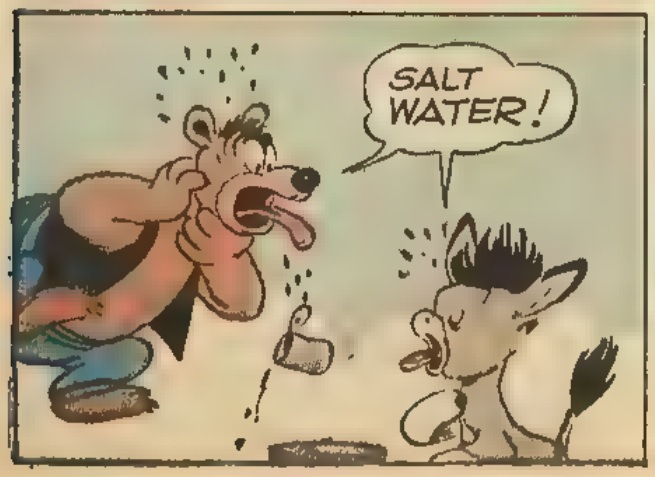


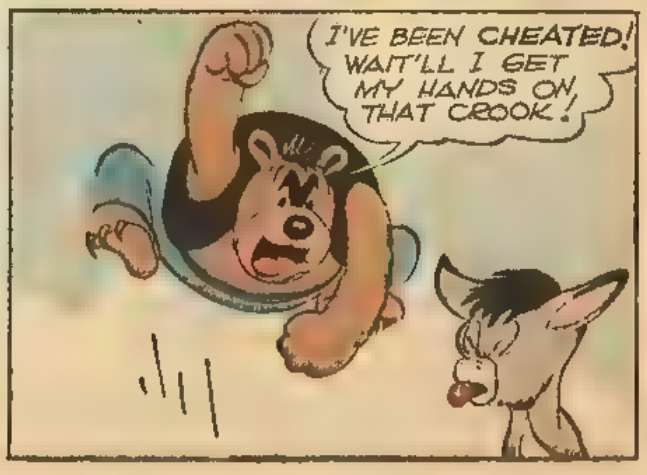


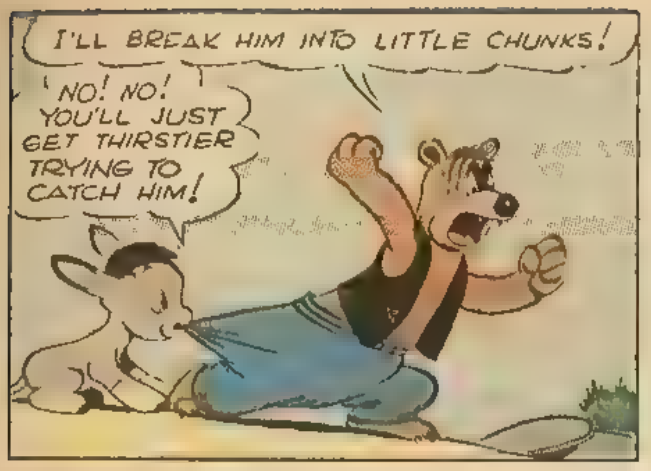
SO ONCE AGAIN BARNEY TRADES OFF A FORTUNE! THIS TIME FOR A LITTLE PATCH OF DESERT WITH A WELL ON IT!

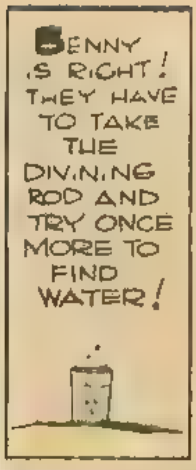


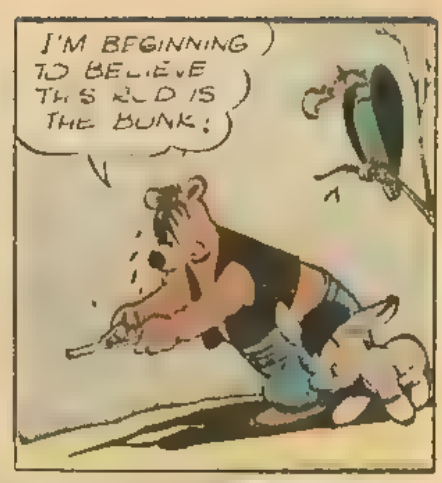


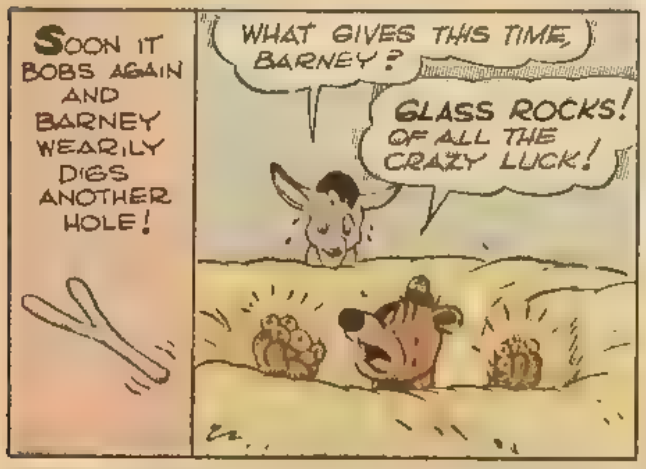


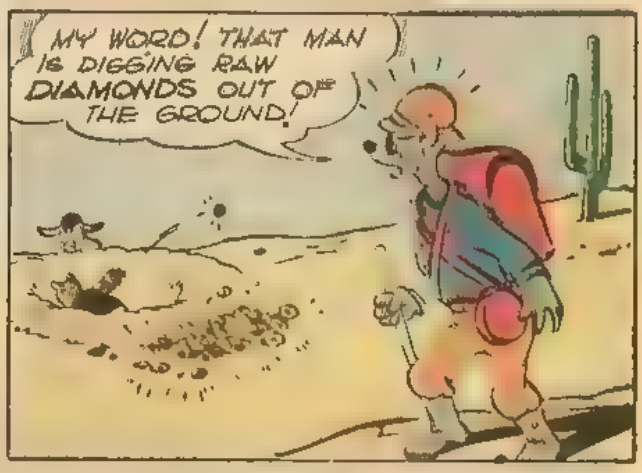


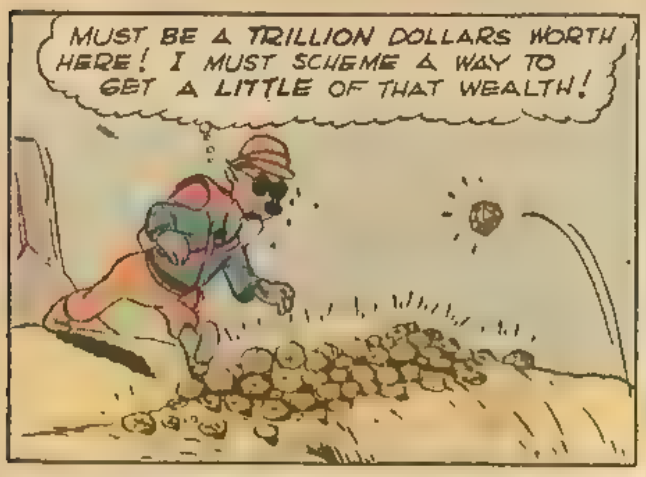


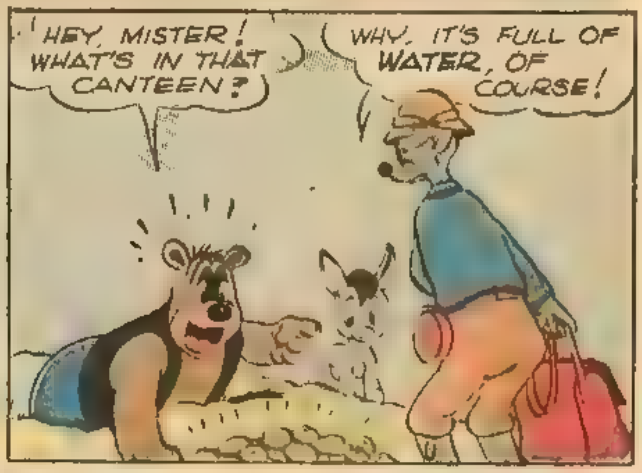


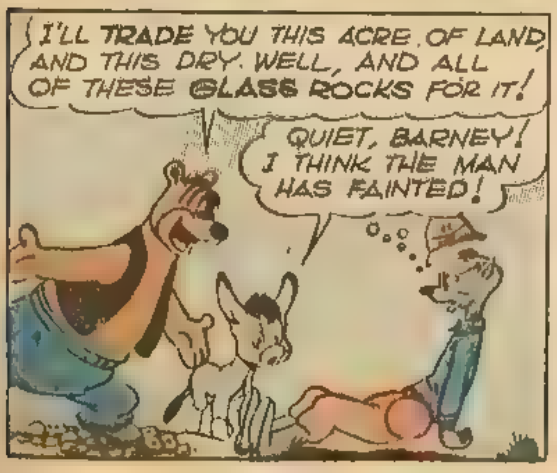




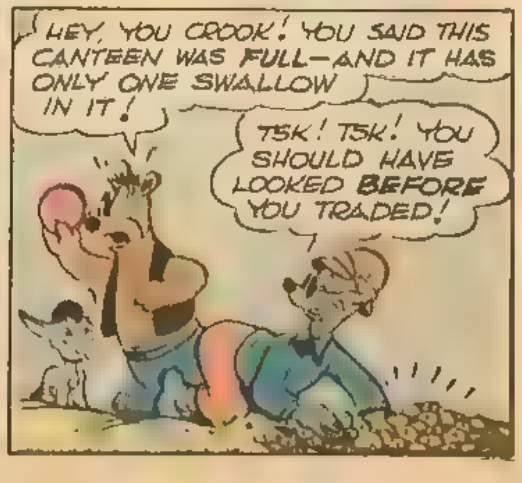


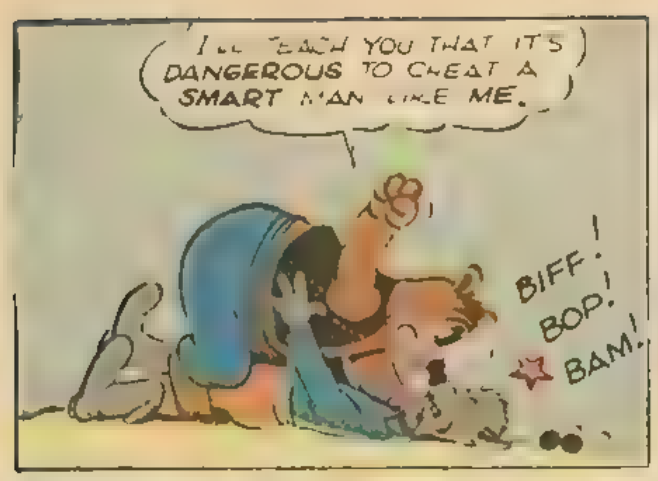


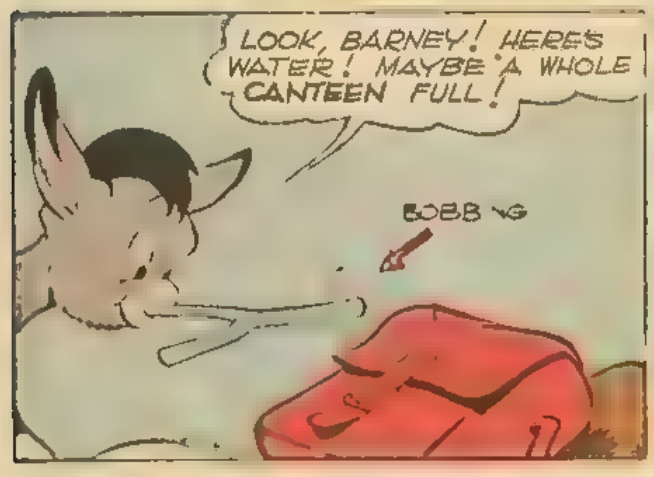


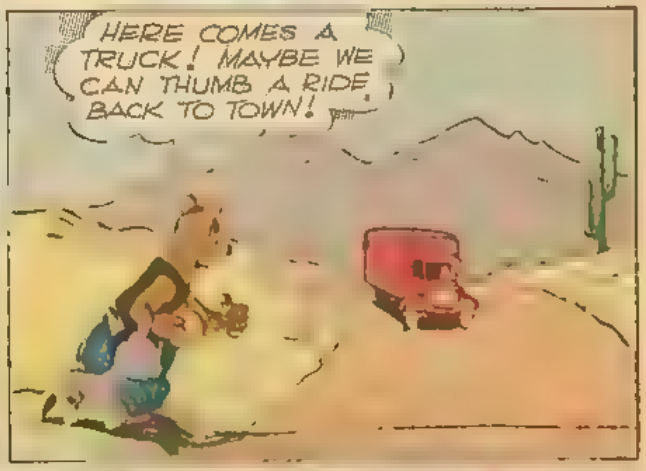


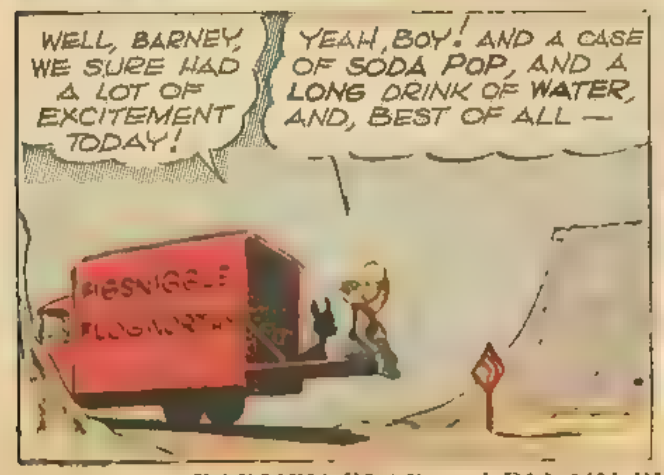
WHEN THE MAN RECOVERS THE DEAL IS MADE, AND THE STRANGER BECOMES THE OWNER OF BARNEY'S LAST TRILLION DOLLARS!



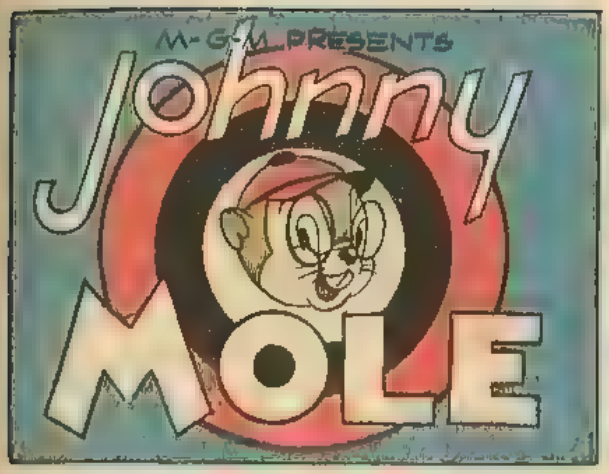


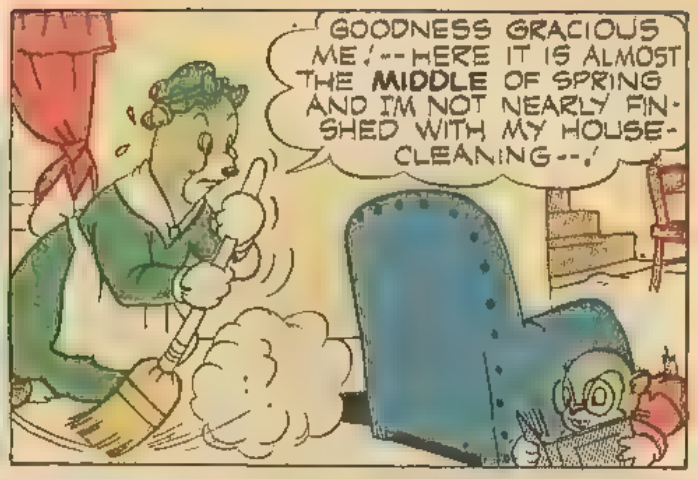


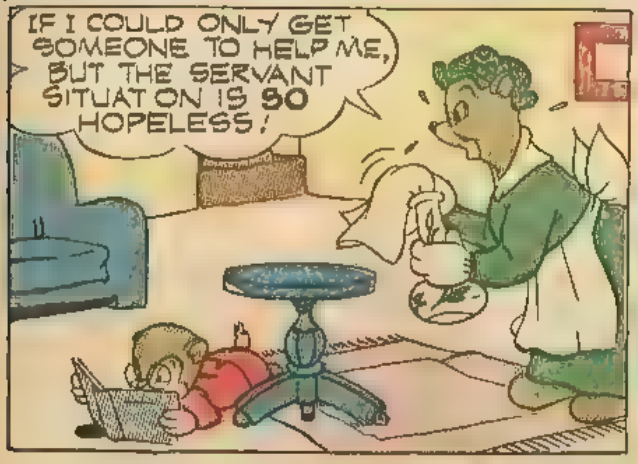


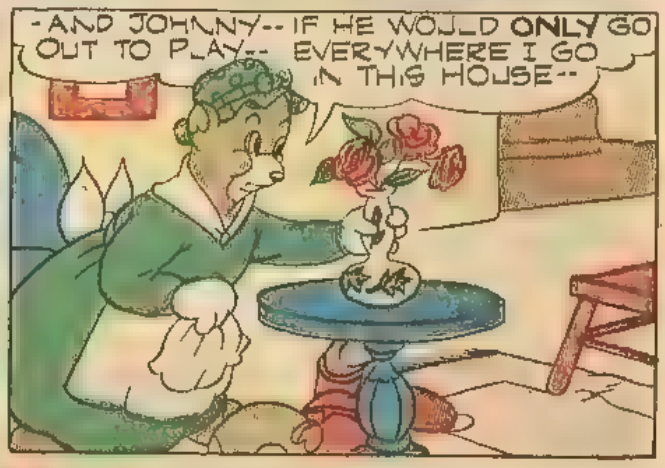


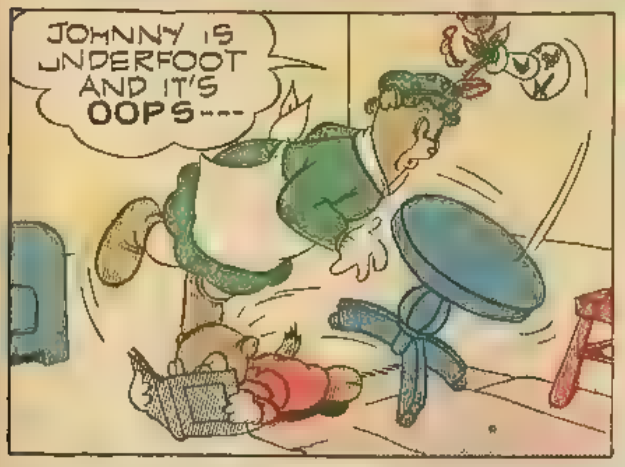
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M G M pictures

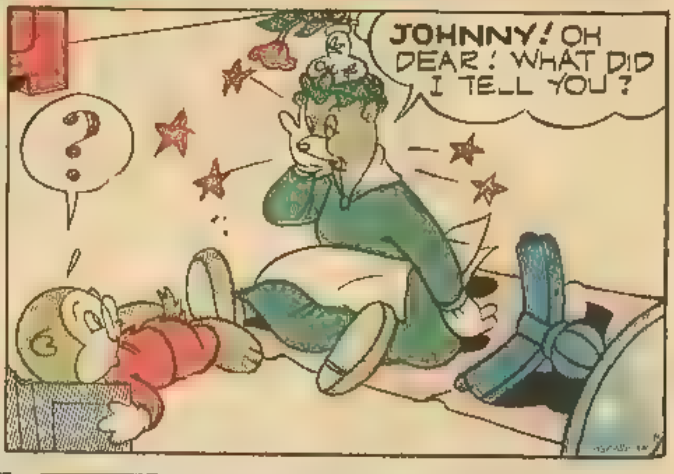

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny
MOLE

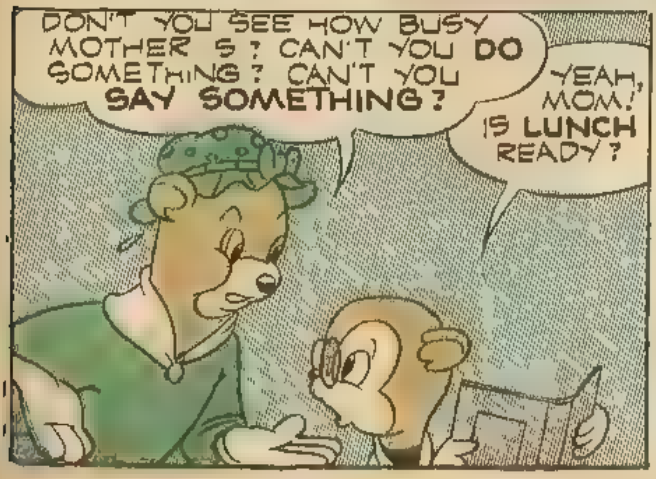

GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME!--HERE IT IS ALMOST THE MIDDLE OF SPRING AND I'M NOT NEARLY FINISHED WITH MY HOUSE-CLEANING--!

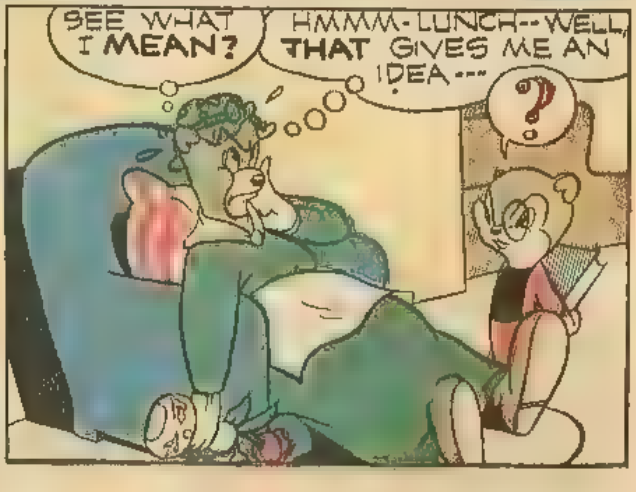

IF I COULD ONLY GET SOMEONE TO HELP ME, BUT THE SERVANT SITUATION IS SO HOPELESS!

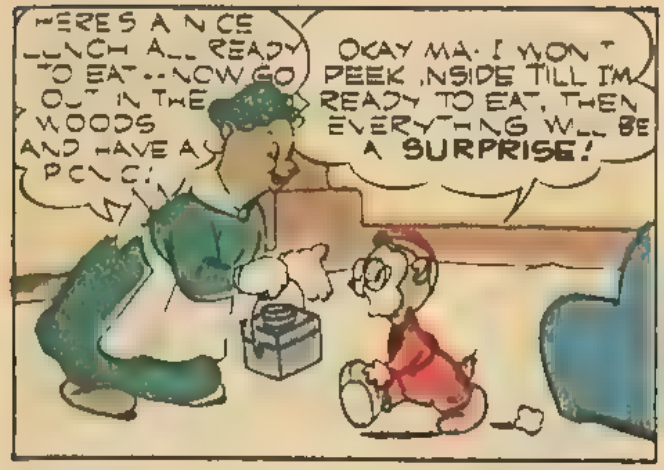

-AND JOHNNY--IF HE WOULD ONLY GO OUT TO PLAY-- EVERYWHERE I GO IN THIS HOUSE--

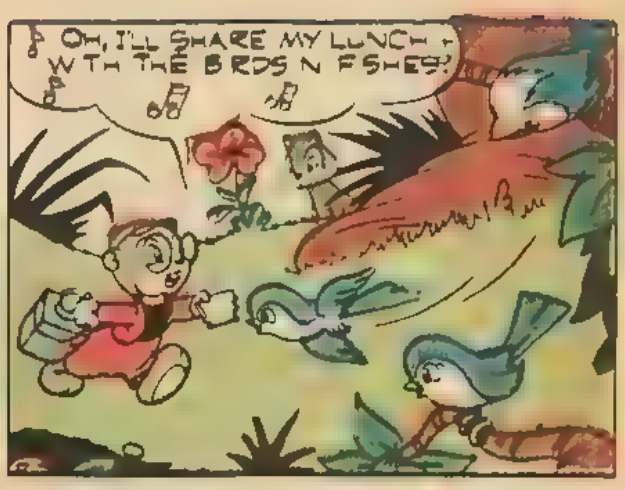

JOHNNY IS UNDERFOOT AND IT'S OOPS---

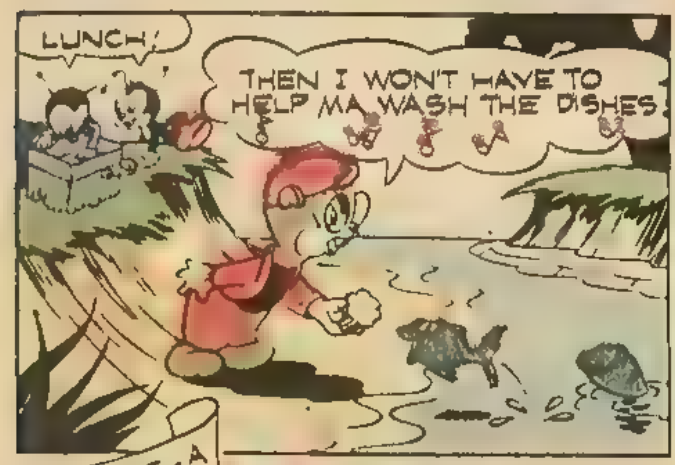

JOHNNY! OH DEAR! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
?

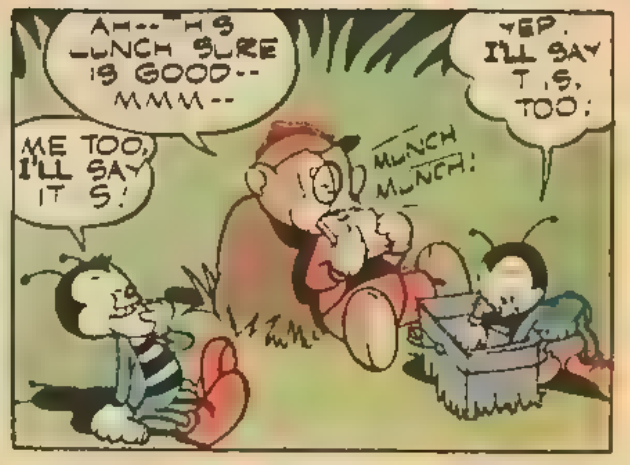

DON'T YOU SEE HOW BUSY MOTHER S? CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING? CAN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?
YEAH, MOM! IS LUNCH READY?

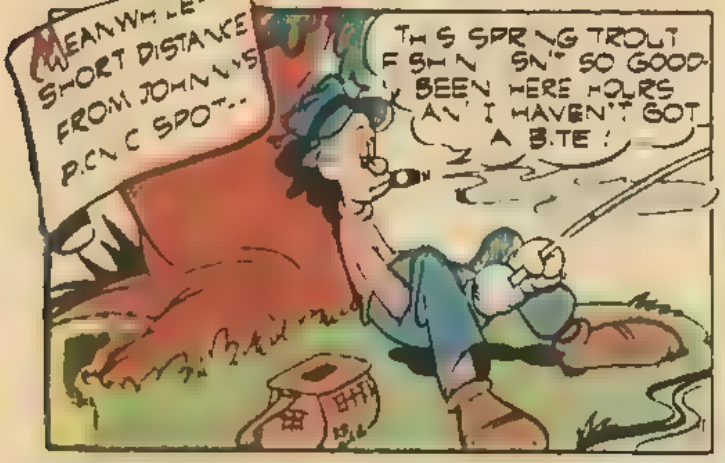

SEE WHAT I MEAN?
HMMM-LUNCH--WELL, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA---
?

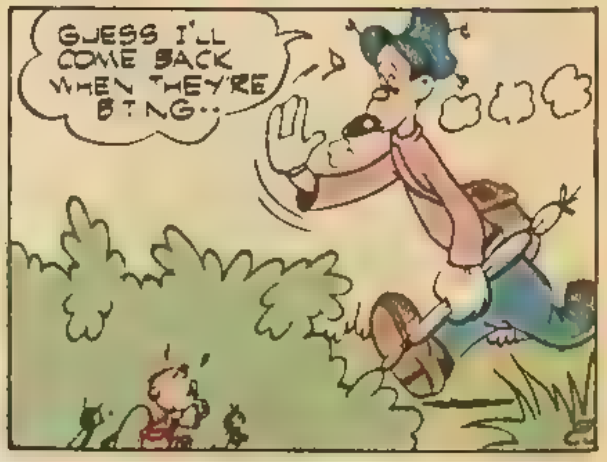

HERE'S A NICE LUNCH ALL READY TO EAT--NOW GO OUT IN THE WOODS AND HAVE A PICNIC!
OKAY MA. I WON'T PEEK INSIDE TILL I'M READY TO EAT, THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE A SURPRISE!

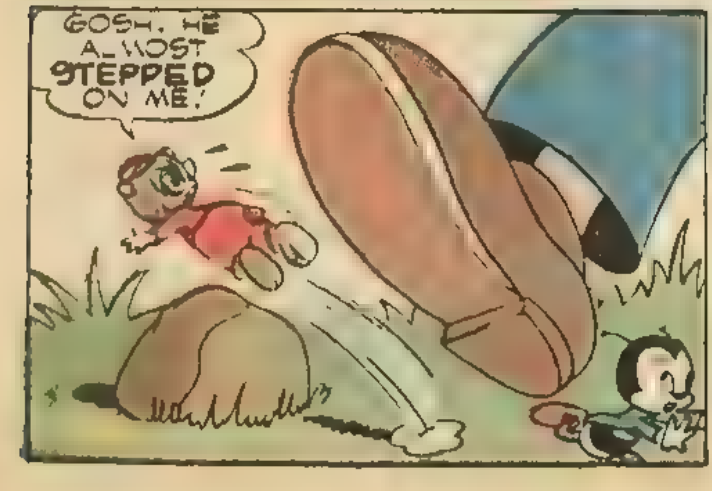

OH, I'LL SHARE MY LUNCH WITH THE BIRDS N FISHES!

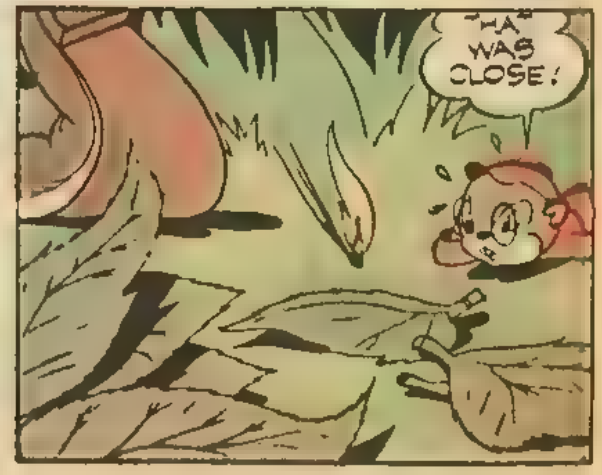

LUNCH!
THEN I WON'T HAVE TO HELP MA WASH THE DISHES!


AH-- THIS LUNCH SURE IS GOOD-- MMM--
YEP. I'LL SAY IT IS, TOO!
ME TOO, I'LL SAY IT IS!
MUNCH MUNCH!

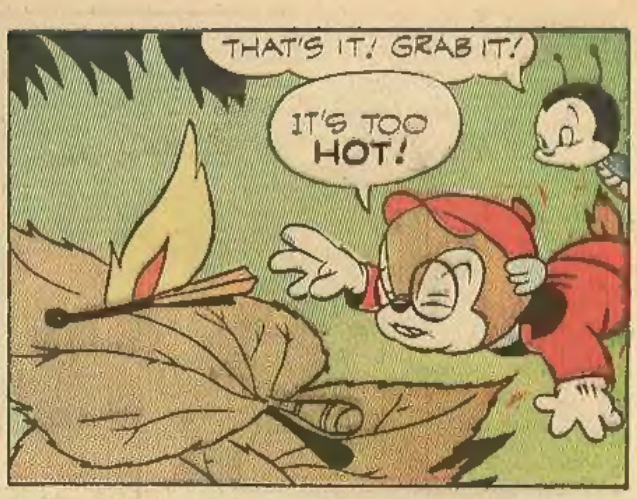

MEANWHILE-- A SHORT DISTANCE FROM JOHNNY'S PICNIC SPOT--
THIS SPRING TROUT FISHIN' ISN'T SO GOOD. BEEN HERE HOURS AN' I HAVEN'T GOT A BITE!


GUESS I'LL COME BACK WHEN THEY'RE BITING--


GOSH, HE ALMOST STEPPED ON ME!

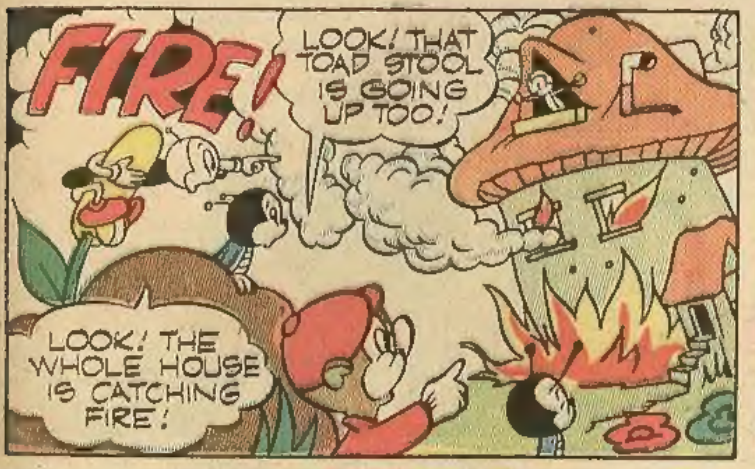

THAT WAS CLOSE!

LOOK! A MATCH!
LOOK! IT FELL RIGHT ON THOSE DRY LEAVES!
GOSH!
TRY TO PULL IT OFF SOMEBODY!

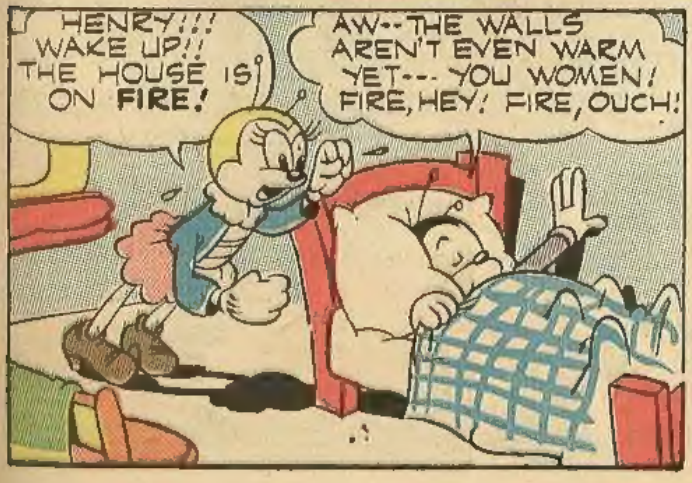

THAT'S IT! GRAB IT!
IT'S TOO HOT!

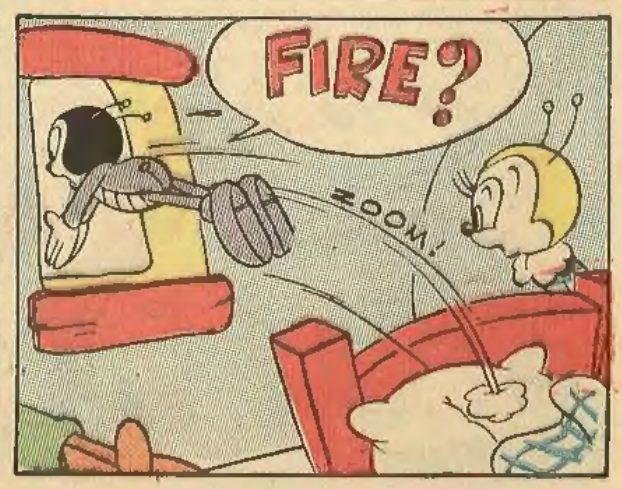
IT'S NO USE! ALL THE GRASS AND TWIGS ARE AFIRE!
FIRE?

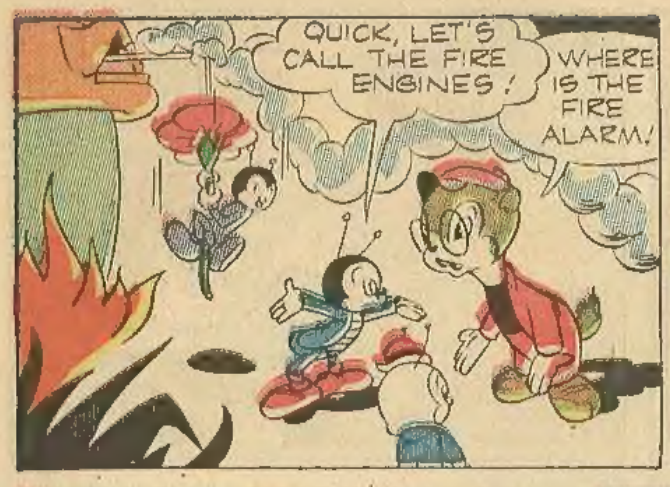
FIRE! FIRE!
FIRE

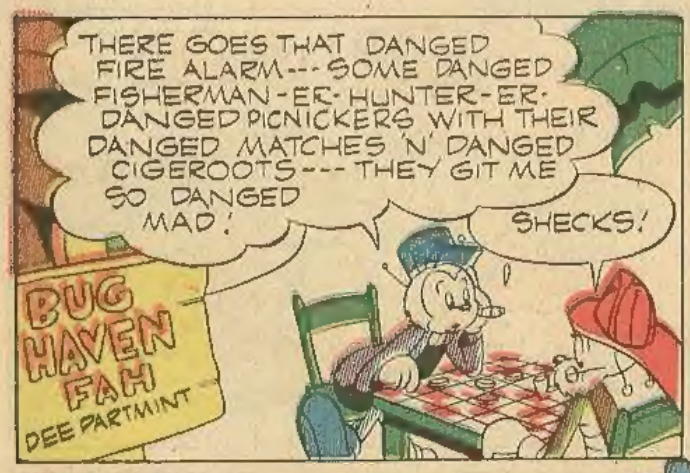

FIRE!
LOOK! THAT TOAD STOOL IS GOING UP TOO!
LOOK! THE WHOLE HOUSE IS CATCHING FIRE!

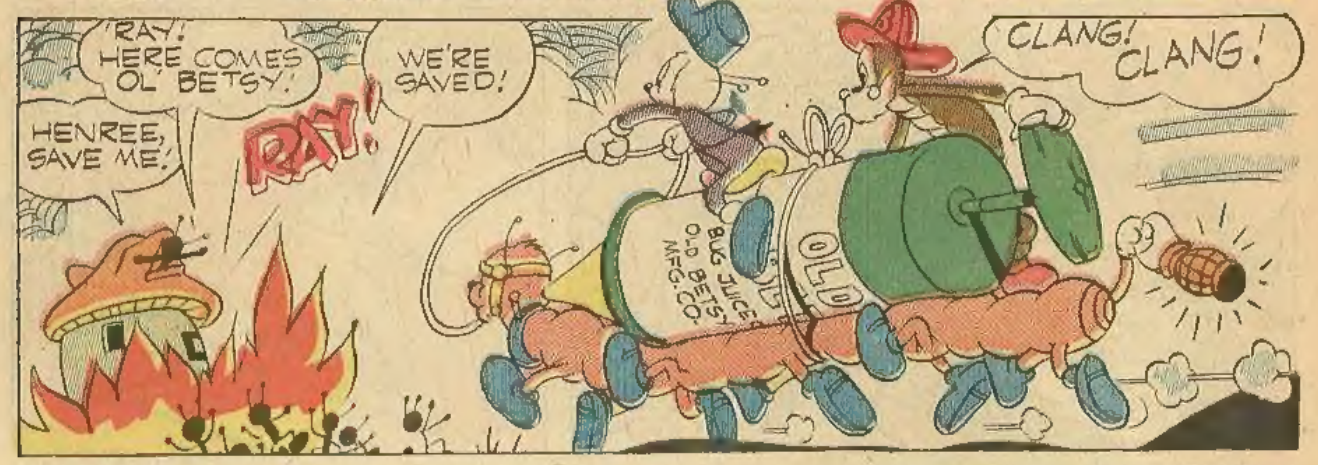
HELP!
OH!--OH! HENRY! HENREE! FIRE!
HELP
FIRE


HENRY!!! WAKE UP!! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!
AW--THE WALLS AREN'T EVEN WARM YET--- YOU WOMEN! FIRE, HEY! FIRE, OUCH!


FIRE?
ZOOM!







M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

HERE'S YER PUMPIN' CREW, CHIEF!
GOOD WORK, FUZZBACK!

ALL TOGETHER NOW-- PUSH!
WOW! THERE GOES THE WATER!
OOF!

YEP, OL' BETSY DON'T WORK OFTEN BUT WHEN SHE DOES--WOW!
THE FIRE IS ALL OUT, CHIEF!
PAT! PAT!

WHO OWNS THIS LUNCH BOX?
THAT'S MINE, CHIEF--I HAD A LITTLE PICNIC IN THE WOODS!

A PICNIC, EH? THEN YOU MUST BE THE ONE WHO STARTED THAT FIRE! YOU'LL GO TO THE BUG HAVEN HOOSEGOW FOR THIS!
WHA-?

NO, CHIEF! I WAS THERE-- JOHNNY DIDN'T START THE FIRE--IT WAS A CARELESS FISHERMAN--HE DROPPED A LIGHTED MATCH---
ER- WELL, WE CAN'T PUT HIM IN OUR HOOSEGOW, IT'S TOO LITTLE--

LISTEN, CHIEF, I HAVE AN IDEA--

LATER
-AND WE HAVEN'T HAD EVEN ONE FIRE IN THESE WOODS SINCE JOHNNY GAVE US THE IDEA OF PUTTING THOSE SIGNS UP!
WARNING FOREST FIRES DESTROY MIL OF TREES, AN PUT OUT ALL CAMP FIRES MATCHES CIGARETTES CIGARS, ETC. NAT'L FOREST P

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